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'We have for quite a number of years taken the 'Messenger,' and we are well pleased with it.'—P. H. Hudson, Plympton, Man.

Twin Sonnets.

(John P. Hardisty, Leeds, in the 'Temperance Leader.')

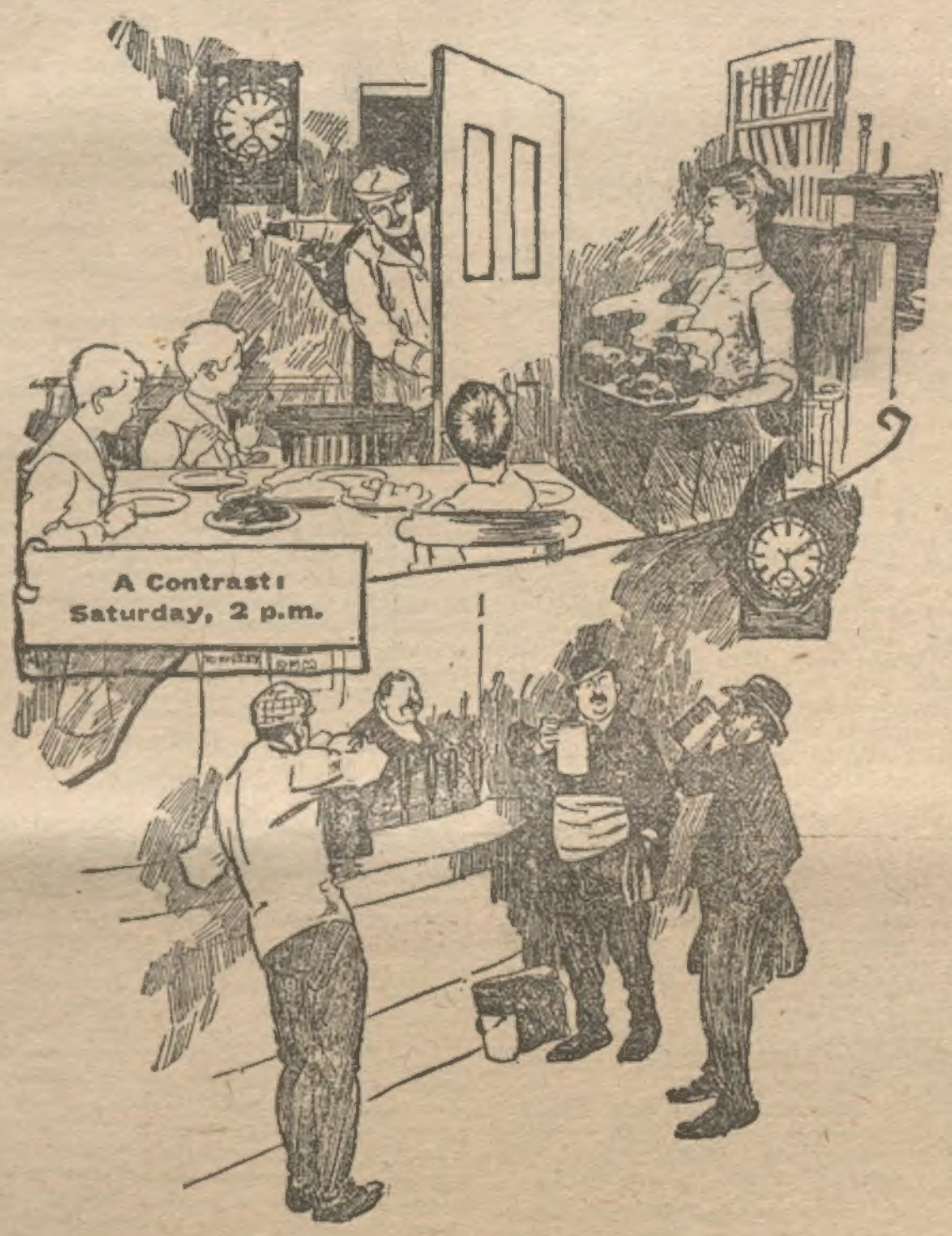
DARKNESS.

I had a vision, dismal, dark, and drear:
A demon soar'd above a homely band,
And to the father beckoned with his hand.
The man left loving wife and children dear,
And, with the fiend, straightway his steps did steer
Towards a temple, fascinating, grand,
The shrine of Bacchus, whose allurements bland
Had won his heart from home-love, true, sincere.
I saw an angel, and to him I cried:
'How long, bright soul, will men be blindly led
By this vile fiend, who ages long has lied
And cheated them of love and truth?'—He said:
'Until thy country earnestly has tried
These temples to suppress where weak ones tread.'

Dawn.

I stood abash'd, in wonder and dismay,
When he who now had answer'd my request
Said: 'Come with me; I'll give thy soul distrest
An antidote to this uncouth display
Of human weakness, which will show the way
To future peace, the El Dorado blest,
Where highest life, and purest love, and rest
Shall be enjoyed when dawns the happy day.'
We wander'd through ten thousand homes, and there
A host of children, happy, smiling, sweet,
Looked up in rapture; in their faces fair
Was writ, in language plain: 'We will defeat
The wily demon, track him to his lair,
And, with our Bands of Hope, his forces beat!'

Saturday Dinner Time!



**Which pays best for the Nation,
For the Home, and
For the Workman?**

—Leaflet Published by the 'Alliance,' 16 Deansgate, Manchester.

Drinking Places and Drunkenness.

It has been said that there is no relationship between drunkenness and opportunities for drinking. As a matter of fact there is an attempt to show that in Edinburgh, for instance, the shorter hours which public-houses are open has resulted in an increase of drunkenness. Some figures from Ireland seem to prove the contrary. There are 1,417 licenses less than in 1902, and there have been 14,014 less arrests for drunkenness in the same period.—National Temperance Quarterly.'

Neglect of Children Due to Drink.

(Hon. Geo. R. Sims in 'The Black Stain.')

'The Black Stain,' by Hon. George R. Sims, staff correspondent for the London 'Tribune,' is a book to stir the world's heart to righteous anger against the liquor traffic. In it the author conveys, in the brief limits of one hundred and seventy pages, a most terrific indictment of the liquor traffic as it is related to cruelty and crime against children in the leading cities of England. The chapters in this book, as well as those of the previous companion series, 'The Cry of the Children,' appeared as serial articles in the 'Tribune' during the past year, and have attracted wide attention. The most startling fact which stands out from every page of this running narrative of conditions as they exist to-day in the drink-sodden districts of England's great manufacturing centres is the everywhere dominating influence of the drink curse in the ruin and degradation of British childhood. The facts stated are detailed without exaggeration, and must come home with tremendous emphasis to every intelligent man or woman the world over. In closing the volume Mr. Sims sums up his investigations with this significant paragraph:

'We can leave poverty and environment and the housing question out of the argument, for I shall have written in vain if I have not proved that poverty and housing conditions are not largely responsible for the evil. The home conditions are in most cases of child neglect vile, but they are of the parents' own making. We have, therefore, to recognize the dominant fact that where children are cruelly neglected there is in ninety percent of the cases a history of habitual intemperance in one or both parents.'

A Wife's Sad Mistake.

Mrs. Chapin, one of the W. C. T. U. workers, was once entertained in Mississippi at the home of a young married couple, and the wife said to her: 'Now, Mrs. Chapin, I'm willing to entertain you, but I don't want you to talk temperance, for if you should convert my husband then I'd have to banish

wine from our table, and my friends would call me a crank.' Mrs. Chapin spoke at the public meeting and then made her way through the audience trying to get signers to the pledge. She begged the young husband to sign, and he was reaching for the pencil to do so when his wife objected, and with a smile he shook his head and said, 'No.'

Six years afterward Mrs. Chapin passed through the same place. She was the guest this time of another family, but after her address was over a weeping woman and a gibbering drunken man came up to greet her. It was the same couple who had entertained her six years before. 'Oh,' said the wife, 'try to get my husband to sign the pledge.' 'No,' he cried, 'I wanted to be saved once, but you wouldn't let me. Now no one can save me, not even God in heaven!'—St. Louis 'Globe.'

One Way of Helping.

How many of our readers know that the very same cheap rate at which we send the 'Messenger' in clubs of ten or over to schools in Canada and Great Britain, namely, twenty cents a copy for a whole year can also be given to quite a few countries that we look upon as being 'in foreign lands,' yet are placed by the post office authorities in the same class as Great Britain, as far as newspaper rates go.

Some of these countries are:—Trinidad, Jamaica, Bermuda, Barbadoes, indeed practically all the British West Indies, as well as British Honduras and British Guiana, in Africa, Zanzibar and the Transvaal, Northern and Southern Nigeria (not, unfortunately, other parts of Africa); the whole Island of Ceylon (though not the rest of India); all New Zealand and Hong Kong, along with certain parts in China (though not places in the interior). Now, if you have missionary friends in any of these places, it is quite possible that some of them, at least, could use ten copies weekly of the 'Northern Messenger' to the best possible advantage, and a $2.00 bill sent in to this office with name and address of your friend carefully given would be all you would need to do; we would attend to the rest. It would cost you scarcely more than the postage on the copies you could collect from Sunday School scholars, and the papers would go forward with perfect regularity, and would all be in the best condition. Think it over and see if you alone or your Sunday School class, or a group of mutual friends, could not in this way remember your missionaries abroad.

The following is a grateful word from one of these workers in foreign lands regarding the 'Messenger,' which friends at home send him, in spite of the postage, to India:—

Tuni, Godavari District, India.
March 17th, 1908.

I feel great satisfaction in giving away the 'Messengers,' as I know I can rely on the matter in them being thoroughly wholesome and informing.

Yours very sincerely,
(Rev.) A. A. SCOTT, B.A., B.Th.,
Canadian Baptist Mission.

If you cannot send a club of 'Messengers' for a year, we will willingly send a few sample copies gratis to any friends in the countries mentioned in this article, if you care to send us the names and addresses. It would not cost you a cent and would be sure to give them pleasure.

Religious News.

Recent letters from Natal confirm the earlier reports of greatly improved relations between the government and the mission. The new governor, Sir Matthew Nathan, is commending himself by his course both to the colonists and to the natives. He has recently visited with his staff our mission girls' school at Inanda and the school under the care of Rev. John L. Dube at Phoenix, where he opened a new building for industrial work. His words spoken at both these places indicate his sincere purpose to make the best interests of the people his constant care. On November 29 word was received from the government that marriage licenses had been granted to two of the Zulu pastors; these were regarded as test cases, and the mission has now, after four years' controversy, succeeded in inducing the government to yield the point which it has so stubbornly insisted upon. It is confidently believed that the same rights will be granted to other ordained Zulus.

How much ground is covered by the varied forms of activity of the Y.M.C.A. organization will appear by a glance at the following particulars:

1. In cities men and boys from all walks of life receive aid in all grades of work from the most elementary to subjects pursued by university graduates and professional men.

1. Among railway men thousands receive definite and practical aid and training.

3. In small towns and counties a vast and only partially occupied field is open.

4. In a number of industrial and manufacturing plants special technical training is emphasized.

5. Among colored men and boys many are now receiving attention.

6. In the army and navy appropriate activities are promoted.

7. Large numbers of young men in universities and colleges are receiving individual instruction.

8. For the boys in all fields special activities are being developed. Over 6,000 employed boys are in class work alone.

That these practical educational activities are appreciated is proved by the way students help pay expenses. The average tuition fees paid by students in colleges and universities meet from 30 to 50 percent of the current expenses aside from equipment. In the Young Men's Christian Associations the tuition fees meet from 50 to 85 percent of similar educational expenses. Such fees in 1907 paid into local treasuries amounted to $268,000.

Work in Labrador.

A FOE AND A FIGHT.

One of the most persistent foes of the Labrador fishermen is the tubercular bacillus, and large numbers of the patients in the several hospitals are suffering in one form or another. The fight that is now on in earnest forms the subject largely of a letter just received from Dr. Grenfell. Not that this is any new thing for him or the other doctors employed in mission work along the Labrador, for they have always recognized the inroads of this insidious foe. The launch, for which we are at present working will not only bring to the hospital such patients as Dr. Grenfell mentions in his letter, but will carry out with the doctor the instruction and enlightenment into the little coast settlements along the way which will serve to attack the enemy in its strongholds. That the people are not slow to learn is evident from the following letter:

St. Anthony, April 1, 1908.

Dear Mr. Editor,—

The best news received here since I wrote has been that of the formation in Newfoundland of an anti-tuberculosis society for the colony, not a day before it was needed. The best part of the report is in what they intend to do. Systematic sanitary inspection of schools is obviously needed when one finds a school with no sanitary arrangements whatever, not a single window that will open, and not a ventilator of any kind. Add to this tubercular children who spit on the floor, and you have an environment in which our tiny foe fairly revels. Windows also are all far too small, and cubic area utterly inadequate.

To this, we hear, are to be added health officers, inspectors of food, an analytical chemist, a public disinfecting and cleansing staff, a new specially adapted text-book. The decision to appoint district trained nurses is excellent. We tried an experiment with two of the leading nurses from the Johns Hopkins Hospital last year. Voluntarily they travelled from place to place on our coast and did their inimitable work. This winter we have seen from it results far beyond those we anticipated. Our people know a good thing, and bravely swallowed the unpleasant truths they were told, and even called for more. At Forteau a meeting of all the men signed and forwarded us a petition for a permanent nurse, pledging, as they had no money, a week's work every year for each man when called on. From Flower's Cove a petition of two hundred men, that is every man, guaranteed a dollar a year each, if a nurse can be placed there, also. The Labrador Medical Mission is adding five new trained nurses to its staff this summer. We hope possibly to add seven scattered over our long coast line.

A Department of Public Health is to be inaugurated. We have had none, up to date, and shall warmly welcome the help it can give. Coping with the various ills and troubles caused by the bacillus, has truly been a Sisyphean task. We have eaten him, we have drunk him, we have breathed him in, we have spit him out on the floor, and left him to multiply and destroy life as a legacy from our visit. We have seen our loved ones and bread-winners perish miserably before his onslaught, and left our closest and dearest still exposed to a similar fate with no attempt at disinfection. He has at a very minimum three Newfoundlanders every single day, easily eclipsing the fabulous monster who was satisfied to eat only one girl every morning. Due to his efforts our death rate has been steadily increasing in spite of the advance of knowledge which has been decreasing the death-rate in every other country. Regarding the foundation of sanitoria, we need not wait for those desirable establishments—sure to be slow in coming owing to their expense. For years we have been showing it is possible in this country, with a few yards of unbleached calico, and a few nails, to convert any home into a temporary sanitorium. Two boys with tubercular joints are at the present moment lying asleep with snow blown in on their beds, only a few yards from where I am writing. They have been in the open air during February, March and April, almost every day, while our sea is still frozen and our land everywhere under snow. Both are so improved that yesterday they came randying down the hillside on my toboggan. The clergyman from the Straits, in whose district one lives, came up yesterday on a visit. He has just told me his little charge said he was as happy as a cricket; and that he did not want to hear a word about going home. At night the room has had no window frames on the leeward side. Of course, everything froze solid that was left to freeze in the room. One might almost believe the bacillus felt the cold, as much as he does the fresh air and glorious snow-reflected sunshine. Yet I have by this mail received a petition from a girl from Green Bay to come by first mail boat to have her leg removed for this very disease. I was much amused the other day to find a girl patient with a tubercular hip, who came to us from St. John's for open-air treatment in January, lying on her wheel chair in the open, armed with a large stick. The explanation was that our own friendly dogs gathered around her chair, as they will for company, but their attentions when she tried to get her dinner almost cost her her own share of it. Cheap vaporizers with formalin tabloids and directions how to use them we think very valuable and within reach of the people. As a rule, one at least might be at each settlement.

WILFRED T. GRENFELL.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—Two Friends, Paisley, Ont..	$ 1.00
Received for the cots:—Two Friends, Paisley, Ont..	$ 1.00
Received for the komatik:—Agnes R. Eadie, Rideau View, 25 cts.; A. Russell Dow, Spring Hill, 25 cts.; Willie D. Dow, Spring Hill, 15 cts.; Kenneth R. Dow, Spring Hill, 10 cts.; Total..	.75
Previously acknowledged for all purposes..	$ 1,741.73
Total received up to June 2.. ..	$ 1,744.48

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund. John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatic, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, JUNE 28, 1908.

Temperance Lesson.

Ephesians v., 6-21. Memory verses 15, 16.

Golden Text.

Be not drunk with wine wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit. Eph. v., 18.

Home Readings.

Monday, June 22.—Eph. v., 6-20.
Tuesday, June 23.—Prov. xxiii., 1-18.
Wednesday, June 24.—Prov. xxiii., 19-35.
Thursday, June 25.—Isa. v., 11-23.
Friday, June 26.—Isa xxviii., 1-13.
Saturday, June 27.—Matt. xxiv., 42-51.
Sunday, June 28.—I. Cor. vi., 1-17.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

When you go out along your way to school you always find something along the road to interest you, don't you? You never say, 'Oh, I've been this way before so often that I won't look at a thing, because I'm sure I must have seen everything.' If you didn't look about you you would very soon be sorry, no matter how often you had walked along that way. Perhaps you might miss seeing a friend whom you wanted very much to see, or worse still, perhaps a mischievous boy might be waiting around a corner and when he saw you coming along with your eyes shut he might put something down for you to fall over. No, indeed, it does not do to travel along any road with your eyes shut, no matter how many times you have gone over it. What would you think of a sentinel, too, who was set to watch a certain part of a city wall and just walked along it once then lay down and went to sleep? It would be no good for him to say, 'Oh, bother take watching all the time! I went over the way once and all was safe then, so I did not need to keep on walking up and down.' Such a silly answer wouldn't save him, and he would be shot for not doing his duty. You know we are like sentinels in this world, and we have got to keep a sharp lookout so that the many enemies round about us don't creep in and capture our souls to make us slaves to Satan. One of those cruel enemies, and a very strong one too, is called 'Intemperance,' and to-day we are to study about how to keep him out of our soul city, so we have a temperance lesson. Have we ever had a temperance lesson before? Yes, indeed, for we have temperance lessons four times every year. Do you think then, that we know all about it and can just go over this lesson with our eyes shut? Why, that would be just like the silly boy who tried to walk to school with his eyes shut. No, we must all keep our eyes and ears well open and go carefully over the lesson so that our enemy Intemperance may never catch us round a corner and trip us up. Do you think Intemperance does not bother about catching little boys and girls? Indeed he does. But he does not call himself Intemperance then. He calls himself 'Having-a-good-time,' and says, 'Oh, come along. Don't be a stupid. Just have a good time.' But then when you grow to be a man he says, 'Ah, I'm Intemperance and I've got you now and you can't get away from me. I'll take away your health, I'll take away your good temper, I'll take away your happiness, I'll take away all that makes your life happy and you'll be a miserable drunkard.' So we have to be very careful about this deceitful old enemy Intemperance. He has been in the world too, so very long that it sometimes seems as though we shall never get rid of him. All through the Bible we are told of the different ways to fight him and how to know when he is coming, and in our lesson to-day Paul is telling a lot of people who lived about nineteen hundred years ago just what they ought to do to avoid him.

FOR THE SENIORS.

Paul's method of fighting the evil of intemperance was positive rather than negative. Do the right thing, the thing you know you ought to do always, and you will not have much time to waste over doubtful subjects. 'Walk in love' (Eph. v., 2), 'Walk as children of light' (verse 8), 'Walk in wisdom' (verse 15); in other words, 'Do what is prompted by love; do what you will not be ashamed to have anyone see you doing; do what has been proved the wisest;' and you need not be afraid of going wrong. Yet even Paul has some significant negatives: 'Be not partakers of evil' (verse 7), 'Have no fellowship, etc.' (verse 11), 'Be not unwise' (verse 17), 'Be not drunk with wine' (verse 18). He meets in this short passage some of the arguments most generally advanced by the moderate drinker; as for instance, 'This is a question of personal liberty'—Paul says, 'Submit yourselves one to another in the fear of God' (verse 21), and that our rule is to be not what is pleasing to ourselves, but 'acceptable to God' (verse 10). To the plea of 'One must be friendly' Paul says 'No; not with anything that leads to sin and misery.' To the cry of 'One can't set one's self up as being wiser than others,' Paul says 'Yes; reprove fearlessly what is evidently wrong, for only by open denunciation will the evil be brought to light and done away with' (verses 11, 13). As to the plea that indulgence proves a man's self-control,—that seems a perversion of logic. Is it not stronger morally and physically to hold out against all temptation than to yield your position because of the jeers of companions? The 'good time' of a drunken crowd of rowdies does not appeal to the man of taste and education, and the man who has tasted of the 'fullness of God' (Eph. iii., 19), who has been 'filled with the spirit' (Eph. v., 18), could never be satisfied with the coarser joys of the lower nature. It is this seeking of the higher that is advocated, and the lower will inevitably make way before it.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

No one can 'walk in love' of his brotherman and not be a total abstainer. Said Farrar once, in a very eloquent address: 'Gentlemen, it is on behalf of these drunkards that I appeal to you; and for the sakes of their little sons and of their little daughters, and for the sake of those myriads of white young souls which are being trained in our schools. Remember, gentlemen, I entreat you, that the drunkards of to-day are not the drunkards of to-morrow; their ranks, as they are daily thinned by death, are daily recruited by those who as yet are not drunkards. If I knew that in this hall there were but one youth or man who would fall hereafter into this horrible abyss, then I should feel it would be well worth the sacrifice of every one of us taking the pledge, if by so doing we could but save that one.'

'Walk as children of light' (Eph. v., 8). Our light comes from the Bible, which is an uncompromising foe to strong drink. It comes from the experience of the Church, which has made it the active enemy of the saloon. It comes from the Holy Spirit, whose guidance will never take a man into a saloon except to pull another man out.

'Drink was not the curse in the East then which it is with us now. But I cannot forget that this same tolerant Scripture, with its ample recognition of the genial side of human life, contains some of the most urgent warnings that can be written against the horror of intoxication, conveyed sometimes in language which the most intolerant of total abstainers could not surpass.'—Bishop Moule.

Could the youth to whom the flavor of the first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when he shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and passive will; could he see my feverish eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and the feverish looking for to-night's repetition of the folly; could he but feel the body of death out of which I cry hourly with feeble outcry to be delivered, it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth, in all the pride of its mantling temptation.—Charles Lamb.

The Leading Temperance Passages of the Bible: Gen. ix., 21; Deut. xxi., 20, 21; I. Sam. xxv., 36; I. Kings xvi., 9; xx., 16; Esth. i., 10, 11; Prov. xx., 1; xxi., 17; xxiii., 20, 21, 29-35; xxxi., 4, 5; Isa. v., 11, 12, 22; xxviii., 1, 3, 7; Dan. i., 3-21; v., 1-6; Hos. iv., 11; Amos vi., 6; Neh. i., 10; Hab. ii., 15; Matt. xxiv., 48-51; Mark vi., 22; Luke xxi., 34; Rom. xiii., 13; I. Cor. v., 11; vi., 10; ix., 25-27; Gal. v., 21; Eph. v., 18; I. Thes. v., 6-8; I. Tim. iii., 2, 3, 8; Tit. ii., 2-4, 6, 12; I Pet. i., 13; iv., 7; v., 8; II. Pet. i., 6.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, June 28.—Topic—Foreign missions: Henry Martyn, and missions in India. I. Cor. ii., 1-16.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, June 22.—The joy of Christ's kingdom. Isa. xxxv., 1, 2.

Tuesday, June 23.—Strengthen the weak. Isa. xxxv., 3-6.

Wednesday, June 24.—The way of holiness. Isa. xxxv., 8.

Thursday, June 25.—The ransomed of the Lord. Isa. xxxv., 10.

Friday, June 26.—The gospel for the poor. Luke iv., 18.

Saturday, June 27.—The gospel of the kingdom. Matt. xxiv., 14.

Sunday, June 28.—Topic—Chinese children. Luke vii. 22.

Tithes.

Twenty-five members of a church in Indiana, a year or so ago, pledged themselves to the tithe idea. There were eighty-five members in the church. During the last year, the tithers gave to the support of the church an average of $18.80 apiece. The non-tithers brought in but $5.75 apiece. In a church in Indianapolis, with a membership of 600 seventy members being 'tithers,' gave $13 apiece in nine months. The non-tithers, 530 of them, gave $3.50 apiece. In a Canadian church of the same membership, fifty-four tithers gave $10.90 apiece for home and foreign missions; the rest, non-tithers, gave 77 cents apiece.

Wherever a band of tithers has been formed in a church, its finances have been literally transformed. One church, in its period since tithing, has given five times as much to missions as in the period of the same length before tithing was introduced, and has raised $16,000 for remodeling the church besides. The real remodeling, it is plain to see, however, is in the membership. In this case, there was no especial prosperity in the affairs of the congregation. If anything, times were not quite so good, outside the church walls, though prosperous enough.

The application of these statistics is plain. Why not try tithing in our own churches, ourselves? Never was there a more practical, personal question. How are we going to answer it?—The 'Interior.'

Better literature for the Sunday School is a timely need. Good library, maps and supplies.—'S. S. Teacher.'

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take the 'Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

N.B.—Ask For Our Special Year End Offer.

Temperance

Gladstone on Drunkenness.

An English woman who was brought up in Hawarden Castle Orphanage, is responsible for the following. It was learned by heart at Mr. Gladstone's request by every boy or girl who was trained at Hawarden Castle. The orphans were also often spoken to seriously about temperance by Mr. Gladstone himself:

On Drunkenness.

Drunkenness expels reason.
Drowns the memory.
Distempers the body.
Defaces beauty.
Diminishes strength.
Inflames the blood.
Causes internal, external, and incurable wounds.
It's a witch to the senses.
A devil to the soul.
A thief to the purse.
A beggar's companion.
A wife's woe, and children's sorrow.
It makes man become a beast and self-murderer.
He drinks to other's good health.
And robs himself of his own.

The Result of Drink.

A poster put up by French city governments to check the national decay that has led to the death rate of France exceeding its birth rate, leads in part as follows:

'The habit of drinking entails disaffection from the family, forgetfulness of all duties to society, distaste for work, misery, theft and crime. It leads at the last to the hospital, for alcohol engenders the most varied maladies; paralysis, lunacy, disease of the stomach and liver, dropsy. It is one of the most frequent causes of tuberculosis. Finally, it complicates and aggravates all acute maladies—typhoid fever, pneumonia, erysipelas, which would be mild in the case of a sober man, quickly carry off the alcoholic drinker.

'The hygienic faults of parents fall upon their children. If the latter survive the first months, they are threatened with idiocy or epilepsy, or still, worse, they are carried off a little later by tuberculosis, meningitis or phthisis.

'For the health of the individual, for the existence of the family, for the future of the nation, alcohol is one of the most terrible scourges.'

An Appeal to Logic.

(By Edgar White, in the 'Home Herald.')

A crowd stood closely packed around a dark, ragged-looking object in the Burlington Railway yards in a Missouri town one morning in May. The 'thing' was hacked and jagged and bloody beyond language to describe.

'Drunk and laid down on the track last night.'

Those nine words told the whole pitiful and too common tragedy. Even the newspaper reporters spent scant time over the matter, because it would not yield over five lines at the most.

The coroner came and smelled of the empty whiskey flask, which by some curious chance was unbroken. Four or five deaths of the sort had occurred in the railway yards there the past twelve months, and in every instance the whiskey bottle had been unharmed, while the man who carried it was ground to pieces. It might have been the mute lesson of providence.

When a man gets drunk he will hunt the railway track. This man was only thirty-five. He had a wife and several small children in the mining town of New Cardiff, and they were left penniless. They had done no wrong, but they were the sufferers.

'The man was drunk; there's no liability,' said the railroad attorney, as he turned away. The prosecuting attorney advised the coroner not to put the county to the expense of an inquest. 'It's too clear a case,' he said; 'the man was drinking. There's nobody but himself to blame, and the county board would object to a bill for taking evidence.'

The crowd turned away. The show was over. An undertaker picked up the bunch of clothes and bones and blood and put them into a cheap box. The railroad furnished free transportation to the destination. Next day the little tragedy was completed, and the widow and her children walked sorrowfully away from the hillside cemetery where the bread-winner lay. In the morning the woman consulted a lawyer. He listened sympathetically but not hopefully.

'I fear there's no liability,' he said. 'Your husband was intoxicated.'

The woman went home and her little ones huddled about her. She had no bread for them, but told them she would get some. She went to a saloonkeeper. He was so indignant that she should call on him that he refused to give a cent. 'My husband spent most of his money with you,' she said.

'Well, he got what he paid for, didn't he?' retorted the man of the white apron.

There was one friend left—her preacher. She had not been to church much of late, because women dislike to appear in public in tattered garments. This minister was a Western character. He stood high in the community because he was absolutely fearless and devoted to the cause of man. Big, brawny, clear-headed, true as the road to the cross, he never hesitated.

He went over to the county seat and got the names of the men and women who had signed the petition for the saloon where the dead man got most of his whiskey. Then he took the woman and her children along. Arriving at the store of the first merchant, he said:

'Mr. ——, I see your name here on the Crystal Palace petition. That's where this woman's husband got the whiskey that killed him. The law has let the railroad company and the saloonkeeper out, and the woman is penniless. Now, it's up to you. Shall she and her little brood go to the poorhouse, or will you do your duty? You see, she's driven to the source for redress. Legally she can't collect a cent from you. But that man's blood—'

'That's enough,' said the merchant; 'here's twenty-five dollars.'

Some got mad at the parson for 'butting in,' but the majority saw the terrible logic of his argument and paid what he asked. It was the first time the issue had been brought squarely before their eyes, and, being good men for the most part, it was a startling realization. The 'chickens had come home to roost,' and they didn't look good.

The preacher wasn't rough and peremptory about it; he was just very grave and earnest. He was pleading at the court of last resort, and every man knew in his heart of hearts that the woman's friend was operating in the proper jurisdiction. There was no escape from it. The woman got enough to tide over the trouble until she could obtain employment.

* * *

When the time came to renew his license, the saloonkeeper started around with his petition and a box of cigars. He was smiling genially, because it was only a matter of form.

'Excuse me, Bill,' said Smith, the big merchant, handing the paper back, 'I'd rather not.'

'W-h-a-t?'

'I'm not going to sign any more saloon petitions.'

'You're joking.'

'Well, have it your way. I don't sign.'

'After all the goods I have bought of you?'

'I appreciate your patronage,' said the merchant.

'I won't buy another nickel's worth from you.'

'All right.'

The saloonkeeper went out noisily. He was less sanguine when he approached the next man, but more diplomatic. But his luck was the same. The man didn't sign. When he returned to his saloon he had three names on his paper, and those were of men to whom he rented houses. Next month there was a sign on the saloon door:

THIS BUILDING FOR RENT.
WILL BE FITTED
FOR DRUG, GROCERY OR
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
STORE.

'Just Because.'

Some drink to make them keep awake,
  Some drink to make them sleep,
Some drink because they merry be,
  And some because they weep.

Some take a drink because they're hot,
  And some because they're cold;
Some because that they are young,
  And some because they're old.

Some drink to give them appetite,
  And some to aid digestion;
Some for—'Doctors say it's right,'
  And some without a question.

Some drink because they bargain make,
  And some because of loss;
Some drink when they their pleasures take,
  And others when they're cross.

Some drink for sake of company,
  While others are quite sly;
And many drink but never think
  To find a reason why.

—Temperance Leader.

A Soldier's Testimony.

Prince Leopold, shortly before his lamented death, said that 'drink was the only enemy England had to fear.' Lord Wolseley, only a few years ago, put upon record the following weighty utterance:—'There are yet some great battles to be fought, some great enemies to be encountered by the United Kingdom, but the most pressing enemy at present is drink. It kills more than all our newest weapons of warfare, and not only destroys the body, but the mind and soul also.'—'Christian Age.'

To Live For One's Country.

In days of old the motto was, 'It is sweet and right to die for one's country.' The same truth is in that sentiment still, but happily our more peaceful times make it not often necessary to die for one's country. There is, however, greater need than ever to live for one's country. And it is the mothers of the land who can do so much, almost more than anyone else, to implant and foster high ideals of the individual's relation to the state; to foster that love of one's own land and that proper pride in its history, its present prosperity, its future possibilities and responsibilities, which shall draw out the highest endeavor of our boys and girls as they grow up to take their places as citizens.

Concrete teaching is even more forcible than abstract, the 'eye-gate' is a most important one; and so the possession and right use of a good flag comes to be a very powerful adjunct in all patriotic teaching. Every home should seek to have one. Often when it has seemed impossible to purchase one, willing hands have grudged no pains in making one of such materials as were available, and such effort brought its own reward.

It was to help every Canadian home and every Canadian school to have a flag that the 'Witness' Flag offer was made, now some three years back—and many schools throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion, and many homes now proudly hoist the fine flag they secured in this way.

The offer is still open, of fine bunting flags without a cent of outlay, and correspondence is invited. (See advt. elsewhere in this issue).

If your children are already interested in getting a flag for their school, help them in it by your sympathy and encouragement: and let them see that you want them to be patriots in the highest, best sense of the term.

Correspondence

S. J., N.B.

Dear Editor,—We have a kitten named Pug, but no other pets, as we live in the city. Pug is very playful and will do tricks. If you throw money in the air she will catch it. She will crawl up you when you are eating and take things out of your mouth. I like to read very much, and some of my friends have started a club. At our place we have a fine view of St. John Harbor.

ARTHUR GORDON FERRIS.

C. P., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I do not go to school regularly, for I have to stay at home a good deal through sickness. I am at home to-day and this is how I started to write. There are twenty-three scholars in our school. I have three dolls. I call them, Irene, Birdie, and Myrtle. My aunt had a party. She was twenty years married. She is papa's sister. I was at it and all her friends. I had a very good time. I have seen a lot of different kinds of birds this spring. Here is an enigma or riddle that my mother got out of a book called 'Enquire Within' when she was a little girl:

My first is a very familiar name,
My second a vowel that's found in fame
My third a human limb or member,
My whole a fruit delicious in September.

ANNIE C. CHAMNEY.

Phoenix, B.C.

Dear Editor,—I have a canary bird, but he does not sing very much, and I have one brother younger than myself. My father works in the Granby copper mines, he is on night shift now, he goes to work at three o'clock in the afternoon and stops work at one o'clock at night. The G. W. Railway and the C. P. R. runs through P. I think I can answer the riddle in Nellie Moffat's letter (April 3rd)—Your name. And the answer to W. C. Carscadden's riddle (April 17) is an egg.

E. M.

[The riddles enclosed have been asked before.—Ed.]

P., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little English boy. I came from England in 1906 and was ten days on the ocean. Now it seems to me as though Canada is my own country. I have four sisters and two brothers, but there is only one of my brothers in this country.

FREDERICK ABBOTTS.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We children were very busy this winter getting up a Missionary Cantata, which represented the twelve months, Mother Earth, Silver Moon, Orb of Day, Father Time, Seven Stars and Seven Sunbeams. It was held on Good Friday evening. We had a good full house, and the proceeds were $32.20. We have had the 'Messenger' in our family for many years. I will close with some riddles: 1. Where was Solomon's temple? 2. What makes the street cars so crowded in Chicago? 3. What is good for big feet?

GERTRUDE BROOKS.

Charlottetown, P.E.I.

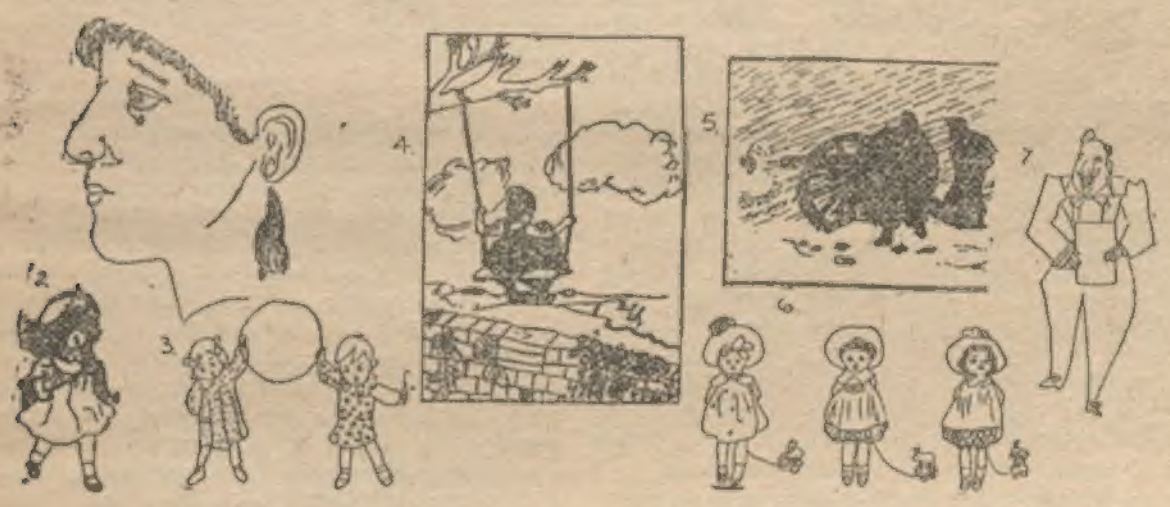
Dear Editor,—We live near the Exhibition Building and the P. E. I. Hospital, and quite near the Hillsborough bridge. It is lovely to walk across in summer time and very nice in winter, only very cold.

LOUIS D.

C., C.B.

Dear Editor,—I live near River Inhabitants. It is very pretty in summer to see the boats passing up and down the river, but in winter I have a very good time securing rabbits and skating and coasting. In summer I go swimming in the river. There is a saw mill about a mile from our home. I was up there about a week ago. It is nice to see the saw at work. There is a hill right near our schoolhouse, and at dinner hour and recess we had lots of fun coasting. My sister has taken the 'Messenger' for a long time. We like it very much. When we get the paper I always look to see if there is anything about the Labrador work.

CLARENCE Le LACHEUN.



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'A Face.' Alice Mehlman, P.M., N.S.
2. 'Little Mabel.' Lena B. Hicks M. S., N.B.
3. 'Playing.' Olivia Massey, S. P., Ont.
4. 'The Swing.' Frederick Ralph Burford, H. Ont.
5. 'Firing the Salute in Mid-winter.' John R., S., Ont.
6. 'Three in a Row.' Grace McLeod, S. B., Ont.
7. 'Singing an Aria.' Erle Wightman (age 8), Toronto.

N. L., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I attend the Baptist Sunday School here, and have a very nice teacher. There are twelve girls in our class. My father is the Bible Class teacher in our Sunday School. We have a very nice school here. It is made of cement bricks, and has eight classrooms, two nice, large halls, and two broad stairways, one on the boy's and one on the girl's side. I attend it, and am in the fourth class, studying out of the fourth reader. I have no sisters or brothers, but a very dear girl friend, who lives several miles out in the country from here. I went to a little party yesterday and had a very nice time. There were fourteen children there.

NELLIE SIMPSON (age 14).

D., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I love to read the letters and stories in the 'Messenger,' and I think the drawings are good. D. is a small village, but there are two brick churches here, Presbyterian and English, and a good school with two rooms. We had examination this week and I passed into the third reader. I go to the Presbyterian Church and Sunday School, and my Uncle Jim is the superintendent. We are going to try to organize an adult Bible Class. I am glad summer has come, for we can hear the birds sing and have more fun outside. To-day is my birthday and I am ten years old. My auntie gave me 'The Sweet Story of Old' for a present last year. I read it three times, and lent it to my grandmothers to read. The Hamilton train passes through our farm and stops at the station a little way from our house.

JESSIE MONTGOMERY BRACK.

B., P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I live with my grandma, but am now visiting at my aunt's. I am nine years of age. I am having a dandy time up here with my three little cousins. We went fishing trout the other evening and got fifteen trout. We have a swing down in the garden, and last night I was swinging on it and fell off and struck my head. I was not hurt, only I thought my head was coming off for a few minutes. We are having lovely weather here.

RUTH McKAY.

W. R., Man.

Dear Editor,—I have often seen the letters in the 'Messenger,' so I thought I would write too. We live a little way from the Grand Trunk Railway. They have all the grading done through our farm. I can read all the stories in the 'Messenger.' I have two brothers and one sister, but I am the oldest boy. My papa has seven horses and we have a pony.

HAROLD DAVIES (age 9).

Q. P., Sask.

Dear Editor,—We are going to school now and there are 20 pupils at our school. We play football and baseball at school. We have a football team around here. I have three dogs, two collies and a hound, and I have a pony also, but she is not trained yet. We have our early farming almost all done on about one hundred and twenty acres.

SAMMY FIELD.

M., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have a little baby brother since I wrote last time. His name is Norman Oscar Casey. He has not been out much yet, as he is just seven months old. We have a new piano. My eldest sister is taking music lessons in Windsor, she goes every Saturday. My youngest sister and I take lessons from our sister. I have quite a collection of post-cards, and some very pretty ones. The mayflowers were very thick around here, but they are all gone now. I have quite a lot of dolls and so has my sister. We both like dolls.

MARION CASEY.

COMPETITION CLOSING.

This month closes the second quarter's competition for aggregate sales of the 'Canadian Pictorial'—and in order that the results may be announced promptly in the July issue, all orders that are to be counted in should be mailed not later than June 20.

The prizes are well worth working for. Here are what the prize-winners in last competition say of their prizes. One wrote before he got his 'Waterman' pen, and one after. Both indicate complete satisfaction:

About my Pen, I think I would prefer a medium nib. I wish to thank you in advance for the prize, for I know from experience that it will be of good quality, coming as a prize from you. Yours truly, W. MACDONALD, T——, Ont.

I received the Waterman fountain pen some time ago, but have neglected to write before now on account of being very busy. I thank you very much for the beautiful fountain pen which I prize highly. Yours truly, HAROLD H. McADIE, S——, Ont.

The remaining ten days may see great changes in the present ranks. So work away with a will, all who want to be in line for prizes. Remember! three fine first prizes to choose from, a pen, a flash-light, a pocket tool case—and ten nice books to be won, too.

If you haven't yet fallen in line try a package of June 'Pictorials' just as a starter and you'll be ready to begin next competition on the most favorable grounds.

A postcard will bring you a supply, also our premium list, and full instructions. Don't fail to read contents of June issue on another page, also the advertisement about the electric searchlight. Let us hear from you TO-DAY.

Address, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Little Dog Under the Waggon

'Come, wife,' said good old Farmer Gray,
'Put on your things, 'tis market day—
And we'll be off to the nearest town,
There and back ere the sun goes down.
Spot? No, we'll leave old Spot behind.'
But Spot he barked and Spot he whined,
And soon made up his doggish mind
To follow under the waggon.

Away they went at a good round pace,
And joy came into the farmer's face:
'Poor Spot,' said he, 'did want to come,
But I'm awful glad he's left at home;
He'll guard the barn, and guard the cot,
And keep the cattle out of the lot.'
'I'm not so sure of that,' thought Spot,
The little dog under the waggon.

The farmer all his produce sold,
And got his pay in yellow gold,
Then started homeward after dark,
Home through the lonely forest. Hark!
A robber springs from behind a tree—
'Your money or else your life,' says he;
The moon was up, but he didn't see
The little dog under the waggon.

Spot ne'er barked and Spot ne'er whined,
But quickly caught the thief behind;
He dragged him down in the mire and dirt,
He tore his coat and tore his shirt,
Then he held him fast on the miry ground;
The robber uttered not a sound
While his hands and feet the farmer bound
And tumbled him into his waggon.

So Spot he saved the farmer's life,
The farmer's money, the farmer's wife;
And now, a hero grand and gay,
A silver collar he wears to-day;
Among his friends, among his foes,
And everywhere his master goes,
He follows on his horny toes,
The little dog under the waggon.

—'Waif.'

Summer Days.

(By Ernest Gilmore, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

Mrs. Duncan was going to the seashore by the doctor's orders. She had not been well for a long time and the doctor had said she must have rest and a change as well as sea air. This was all right as far as Mrs. Duncan was concerned, but to Kathryn, the only child, the prospect was rather dark. Of course, she wanted her mother to get well, but she wanted, also, to be with her while she was getting well. She had never been parted from her mother, even for one night. Ever since she could remember she had gone with her mother wherever the latter went. She could have gone now if things at home had been more favorable. But the trouble was they were not so. Her grandmother had come to live with them and she was old and feeble. Her little motherless cousin was staying with them, too, while the latter's father was abroad on a long business trip.

'Oh, mamma!' exclaimed Kathryn, when she was told that her mother was to go to the seashore for two months, and she was to look after things at home, 'Why can't I go with you? What is there for me to look after at home? Peggy can see to everything, can't she? I don't see what I can do to help her.'

'I wasn't thinking of Peggy, my dear, when I spoke of your "looking after things at home," for I knew—to my great relief—that she is a capable and faithful servant and will do all that she is required to do. But you know her failings, one of which is that she is liable to let her temper get the better of her occasionally.'

'Yes, I know. Well, I hope Peggy will not have any of her tantrums while you are gone. I don't know what might happen with you not here to pour oil—as you always do—on the troubled waters. I couldn't and wouldn't.'

Mrs. Duncan smiled.

'Oh, yes, my dear,' she said, 'I'd trust you to pour on the oil if it should be necessary. As I said before, however, it was not Peggy whom I had in mind when I spoke of your "looking after things." Perhaps I should have said, looking after the comfort of our dear folks at home. There are many little services that grandma needs and will not ask for. There will be only you to do these. Your little cousin Helen will need you, too. She is a poor little motherless child, and—as I've petted her considerably—I suppose she'll miss me.'

'Of course she'll miss you—we all will. How can I help that?'

'Your own heart will tell you how. Then there is your father—he'll depend on you while I'm gone.'

'Why should papa depend on me?' questioned Kathryn, wonderingly, 'he's all right.'

Mrs. Duncan smiled again.

'A father always needs his daughter,' was all she said.

The morning of Mrs. Duncan's departure for the seashore was an exceedingly blue one in the household. It was Monday. Peggy, having a good-sized washing on hand, looked as she felt, unusually glum. Grandma felt lonesome and neglected, but tried her best to be patient and cheerful. She made up her bed as best she could. Peggy usually turned the mattress for her, but it had not occurred to her this busy morning to do so, consequently it was left unturned, grandma not being strong enough for that kind of work. After the bed was made, grandma dusted her room carefully. She always did that 'six days out of seven' and enjoyed it. It was easy work and satisfactory, for—as she had often said to herself—'when it was done, it was done.' The 'hair combing,' however, did not please her. She tried her best 'to get it right,' but failed to do so on account of the lameness of her hands and arms. She was so weary after her hair was arranged that she was obliged to sit down awhile and rest before going on with other little necessary touches toward personal neatness. When, at last, she was 'ready' (as she told herself with some relief) she looked into her mirror. Her poor hands had not done their work well, although they had done the best they could. Her hair looked rough and was one-sided, the small breastpin she always wore was crooked, and her lace collar was wrong side out. She sighed involuntarily, but, knowing it could do her no good to do her work over, made no attempt. She sat down in her rocking chair near the window with her work—the crocheting of a pink fleecy shawl. She had to lay it down quite frequently on account of the weakness and the stiffness of her arms. From her seat at the window she could see Kathryn swaying back and forth in a hammock under the trees. She was reading a book.

'Kathryn misses her mother,' was grandma's mental comment. 'I'm thinking we all miss Lucy; it doesn't seem like the same house without her.'

The morning passed away. Everyone in the house had been lonesome and everyone had kept the fact to themselves, grandma in her room, Kathyrn in her attempt to read, little Helen in her restless wandering in and out of the house, even Peggy at her washing.

At noon Kathyrn happened to be in her room for a few moments. The door between her own room and her grandmother's was slightly ajar. She heard her little cousin Helen come into grandma's room.

'Oh,' the little girl exclaimed rather wearily. 'It's awful lonesome without Aunt Lucy, isn't it, grandma?'

'Yes, dear,' was the response, 'it is lonesome without her. I think the best thing you and I can do is to cheer each other. Where have you been all morning?'

Kathryn heard a long sigh from her small cousin as she said, 'I've been upstairs and downstairs and all over. I was in the kitchen awhile, but I didn't stay there long because Peggy was so busy that I guess she didn't want me around. I tried to make a dress for my dollie, but I couldn't get it right.'

'Why didn't you ask Kathryn to help you?'

'O-o-h! I wanted to ask her, but she was reading all morning and I didn't like to trouble her.'

'Well,' was grandma's gentle and comforting answer, 'perhaps I can help with your dollie's dress. Bring it here after luncheon and let's see what we can do together.'

Kathryn couldn't help hearing the conversation and her conscience smote her.

'Your breastpin isn't on straight,' exclaimed Helen, 'and your collar is inside out. Who fixed you up?'

'I rather think I wasn't "fixed"—as you call it. My hands are so stiff and lame this morning that they seem to be all thumbs. Does my hair look very bad?

'Not very,' was Helen's answer, 'it doesn't seem just right, somehow. I didn't know exactly what's the matter with it, but I'm going to smooth it a little and I'll arrange your collar.'

Kathryn suddenly felt a great longing to smooth the silvery hair of her grandmother, but she would not interfere with Helen's ministry.

'Oh it's too bad that I've been so selfish all morning,' she said to herself remorsefully, 'and after all that mamma said, too, about caring for our home folks. I've been just thinking of myself alone since mamma took the early train. What would she say if she knew?'

II.

Peggy was ringing the chimes in the dining room—it was lunch time. It occurred to Kathryn that there were several things that she should have done for Peggy on Monday morning—her mother always did these things on busy mornings, as they kept but one servant. She was sorry that she had been so thoughtless. Grandma and little Helen were standing beside their chairs at the table when she reached it. She kissed them both as she passed them to take her place where her mother usually sat, at the latter's request. She made no apology in words for her morning's neglect, but, 'actions speak louder than words,' you know. After luncheon was over she said to her grandmother, whose daily custom it was to lie down awhile:

'Grandma, if you'll ring your bell when you've had your nap, I'll come upstairs after you, and we'll have "Afternoon Tea" in the yard.'

'Thank you, my dear,' was the pleased response, 'I'll ring it.'

'How would you like to have me visit you this afternoon?' Kathryn asked of little Helen after the old lady had gone to her room.

'What do you mean?' the child asked wonderingly.

Kathryn laughed.

'I mean—supposing you play keep house under the maple tree. I'll be the dressmaker and will come and sew for your dolls. How would you like that?'

Helen's little face brightened.

'Oh, I'd love it,' she said.

'Then I'll be on hand at two o'clock promptly. Get your dolls and pieces ready. I'm going to see if I can do anything for Peggy now.'

Kathryn, although tardy in her offer to 'lend a hand' for Peggy, found several things she could do for her, all of which services were gratefully received. She dusted the dining room and the sitting room, wiped the silver and glass from luncheon, beat the eggs for a cake that Peggy was about to bake and peeled some apples that she wanted to stew. From the time Kathryn began to help until she finished, the temperature steadily rose in Peggy's face until it fairly glowed, after which she burst out in this way:

'You're mighty good to me, Miss Kathryn, an' I'll not forget it—that I won't—even if I am a cross old thing.'

'You arn't a cross old thing,' was the comforting answer, 'and I like to help you. I only wish I'd thought of it early this morning when mamma went away.'

By the time Kathryn was through helping Peggy it was about time to meet her engagement under the maple tree. Helen, who had been there some time and had arranged it in the manner of a sitting room, her three dolls sitting or standing around, laughed aloud when she saw her cousin Kathryn come from the house, dancing all the way to the sewing chair, which the child had ready for her, hav-

ing brought it out purposely for the 'dressmaker.'

It seemed wonderful to little Helen the amount of work accomplished in one hour. Kathryn was gifted in the line of sewing, consequently she knew at a glance the trouble with the refractory dress and remedied it at once, to Helen's relief and joy. She made a gay red ridinghood cloak, trimmed with gilt braid for one of the dolls, a short silk apron for another and a lace bonnet for the third, after which the tall clock in the hall struck three. At that moment the soft tinkle of a little silver bell was heard.

'No more sewing for dollies to-day,' exclaimed Kathryn, starting up, 'the dressmaker has earned a rest, if I do say it myself,' smiling. 'I'm going after grandma.'

She kissed grandma's sweet, expectant face as she gave the needed touches to the soft, silvery hair.

Presently the trio (grandma, little Helen and Kathryn) were seated under the maple tree in the balmy yard having a happy time, notwithstanding the fact that the dear mother was absent. Grandma was seated in a comfortable rocker with soft cushions, arranged by Kathryn, underneath and behind her. She crocheted on the fleecy pink shawl sometimes, talked sometimes, rested her head back against the cushions sometimes and—all the time—enjoyed the scent of blooming roses in the yard, the soft, sweet air and the song of birds.

'Afternoon Tea' was served at four o'clock and instead of being 'tea' consisted of some deliciously cool lemonade and some equally delicious sugared fresh 'patty-pans' that Peggy had made.

When Mr. Duncan returned from business in time for the six o'clock dinner he was agreeably surprised at the atmosphere of the household. Having left Kathryn in tears, he had not expected the smiling greeting which he received. He missed his wife, but he appreciated the thoughtfulness of his daughter. His dressing gown was laid out for his evening's comfort, his slippers were at hand, there were sweet flowers in the centre of the table and a fragrant rosebud at his own place.

As the good work began—so it continued. The days were alike and yet not alike—alike in the loving kindness that pervaded the household, and unlike in the varied 'doings' and 'happenings.'

Kathryn had never kept a diary until the day her mother left. She began it that night just before retiring. She sent bulletins—copied from her diary to her mother. I will record one of these.

First Day.—This was a dark morning for me without mamma. I lost my bearings somehow, and drifted. I didn't do anything all morning except brood because I was left behind. A fifteen-year-old baby, that's what I was. I tried to read, but my reading was a failure. I must have read one page over a dozen times and then I didn't know what it was about. At noon something occurred to open my eyes and I turned around 'right about face.' I gave Peggy a little lift with the housework. I arranged grandma's hair and gave her some other touches here and there and I made little cousin Helen very happy.

Second Day.—I gave grandma a surprise to-day. There is an old lady, Mrs. Swift, visiting in town. She and grandma have been friends ever since they were girls. I invited Mrs. Swift to luncheon and I helped Peggy to get it, and oh, what a good time those two dear old souls had together!

Third Day.—It was Helen's turn to have company to-day. I told her to choose the little girl she'd rather have and she said immediately, 'I'll choose Susie Hill because she hasn't any mamma either.' So Susie was invited and came. She said it was the happiest day she'd ever had. Where she lives there are no flowers and green grass—no birds and 'no out-of-doors,' as she said. All day long the children played out of doors. They even had their meals there—dinner and tea—on my little round table, under the maple.

Fourth Day.—This is Peggy's birthday. I found the date in an old book of Peggy's that laid on the kitchen shelf. We put our heads together, Grandma, Helen and I, and the result was that Peggy was delighted. I gave her a lace-edged handkerchief and a small bottle of perfumery. Grandma's contribution was a gay neck ribbon that had been given to herself. Cousin Helen's gift was a small red leather purse in which were ten shining new pennies and two bright nickels. This, perhaps, pleased Peggy most and it made her laugh and cry. When papa came home and found out about Peggy's birthday, he said to me with a laugh, 'Where my little girl leads I'll follow,' and he took out a brand span new bill and gave it to Peggy, who declared then and there that 'she never did see such good folks.'

Fifth day.—We all worked for the 'least of these' to-day—even Peggy did her share. They have a little new baby over to the Hills, and the mother is very nervous. The Hills are poor, too, and things go hard with them. Mrs. Hill had a nervous headache to-day, and we brought the children over here so that she could be quiet. There was Percy, three years old; Mollie, five, and Edith, the little lame one, seven. They were here from ten until five and had such a happy time. Grandma, Helen and I took care of them. And Peggy made a bowl of delicious chicken soup with rice in it for the sick mother.

Sixth day.—It rained to-day and I thought we'd have a dreary time, but we didn't. I helped Peggy quite a little because she had considerable to do. I made a 'floating island' custard for grandma, who is very fond of it, and I helped little Helen with some sewing for her dolls. Grandma told us the dearest old-time story.

Seventh day.—Such a happy Sunday! Papa was home all day, except when we all went to church together, that is, all but Peggy, who remained at home to get the dinner and went this evening instead. It was lovely after the rain. We spent most of the day outside, talking, reading, listening to the birds singing in the trees and having a happy, restful time. We talked more than usual about mamma today, and all felt so happy and thankful that mamma was improving every day. Papa put his arm around me once and held me close. He said, oh, so tenderly, 'My blessed little girl!'

Men do not object to a battle if they are confident that they will have victory; and, thank God, every one of us may have the victory if he will.—D. L. Moody.

Only One More.

'I cannot sing; I cannot play; I cannot even tell a story particularly well,' said a young girl despondently enumerating her own deficiencies. 'Wherever I go I am of no special value, except to count one more.'

'In some places one more holds the deciding vote,' laughed a companion. Many of us feel that simply being one more is about all our presence amounts to anywhere. We have no special gift or talent to contribute to the world's work or pleasure, no particular endowment for leadership or service; we can count one more in whatever is going on and that is all. It was Lincoln who remarked that he thought that 'the Lord must love common people because he had made so many of them.' For the same reason, it would seem that he must have use for the people of only ordinary endowment—they are so greatly in the majority. And the 'counting one more,' which the young girl mentioned so scornfully, may, after all, mean a great deal; it all depends upon where we are counted.

There are many times and places where the added one means much of help and encouragement—in the too often slender, mid-week prayer meeting, in the rainy-day service, or the occasions when an unpopular topic or a prosy speaker furnishes the many an excuse for absence. There are struggling causes and needed philanthropies not a few where the additional number, even without a full purse or great talent of any sort, can yet add welcome strength and support. If it really seems to us that our ability along all life's great lines is limited to only counting one more, let us resolve that that one shall be on hand to be counted. The governor of a great state found himself rather unexpectedly, one day, in the midst of a Sunday School convention. As soon as it was known that he was in the house there was a desire to have him address the meeting, and he was called upon. But he felt himself utterly unprepared; he had no speech ready, and he simply responded: 'Friends, I really have nothing to say, but I am heartily in sympathy with your work, and I can at least stand up and be counted.' Standing up to be counted

DON'T FAIL TO SEE THE

JUNE NUMBER

OF THE

'Canadian Pictorial.'

'He cometh not, she said' might easily be the title of the charming cover picture, showing a maiden in white silhouetted against a huge tree. The frontispiece is a portrait o fthe Hon. L. J. Tweedie, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of New Brunswick. Typical Canadian spring scenes, orchards in full bloom, etc., are necessarily admirable. Some capital pictures are shown of the thrilling incidents connected with the recent disaster to H.M.S. 'Gladiator,' while a page of pictures, specially taken for the 'Pictorial' by a Canadian in Calcutta, gives some interesting glimpses of Britain's Indian troops. The Canadian Building at the Franco-British Exhibition in London will be of interest, also the room at 10 Downing Street, where the Cabinet meets; and the funeral of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and portraits of Lloyd-George and Winston Churchill. A timely article deals with the new system of providing playgrounds for children. Very quaint and interesting is the old fashioned brick oven still in use by many a French-Canadian housewife. Other pictures are: Doukhobors farming in the West; Characters from the Merchant of Venice, Revival of Coaching in England, etc., etc. The Woman's Dept. contains a portrait of Mrs. Tweedie, wife of Lieut.-Governor Tweedie, also its usual quota of fashion and household hints, patterns, etc., the whole making up a delightful number that any home would enjoy.

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(For 'Special Family Club,' see page 15)

does not require any great genius or brilliancy, but there are many times when it does require courage—a courage in which many gifted ones may be found sadly lacking. To be numbered, and have it known that we are always ready to be numbered among those who stand for whatever is pure and right, and against whatever is evil, however strongly it may be intrenched, is in itself no mean position.

It is very easy to undervalue one's self as having no influence, and to do so quite honestly, forgetting that the Master's picture of the final blessed award was not 'Well done, talented and brilliant servant,' but 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' Steadfastness and faithfulness have a mighty power. If we look back over our own past, and study the lives that have made the greatest impression upon our own, we shall find them for the most part among those common and unobtrusive ones who thought very humbly of their own worth—when, indeed, they were not too unselfishly busy to think of it at all—and who never dreamed of possessing any special gift. We probably can count on the fingers of one hand all the eloquent orators, the people of remarkable intellect or talent, who in any way uplifted or helped us; but we never can compute the influence of the mother with her tireless, everyday goodness; of the plain father with his industry, his unsullied honor, his stanch faith; of the old church elder whose simple piety and earnest life were a living epistle; of the faithful school teacher who taught for her daily bread, but put her religion and her soul into her loving work. It is these and their like who have builded themselves into our lives, and have helped us to whatever of goodness or high idea we may possess.

If we look at the world as a whole, we shall find that the same truth holds good everywhere. It is not the exceptional few who have done its work and compassed its progress, but the common many. Men of genius there have been, remarkable leaders, mighty reformers, and they were needed; but they would have been useless without the steady, stalwart host of nameless ones who gathered about the uplifted standard and carried it fearlessly forward. And as has been in the past, so it is now. We boast of our country's greatness and glory—perhaps we boast overmuch—but one thing is certain, and that is that the honor, the freedom, the Christian patriotism of our land, will rise no higher than that of the mass of its citizenship. Rulers and politicians cannot at last go beyond the will of the people—the ordinary, commonplace people, who will think their thoughts and cast their votes one by one. There was meaning in that carelessly uttered statement of the girl's friend.

So there is no reason for losing self-respect or holding one's self lightly because of a lack of shining qualifications. It is the 'Lord's host,' and not his generals, who are doing the work and fighting the battles of earth today as they have done in the past—who are leveling the mountains, making the desert to blossom, and slowly bringing the kingdom nearer. It is no small thing to count one more in every right cause as it comes to us, and to be pressing forward among earth's unknown workers toward that 'great multitude which no man can number' who make up the shining ranks of heaven—a multitude no man can number, but the Master knows them soul by soul, and name by name.—'Forward.'

Leo's Story.

I am a big St. Bernard dog. Do you know what I am like? If not, I will tell you. I have a rough coat of a sort of red or orange color, and a white face and white front paws. I am very big, and stand nearly three feet high. I live now in London, where I have a happy home, and am enjoying what my master calls a 'well-earned rest.' How very warm and comfortable it is in England after the cold Swiss air to which I have been accustomed! I was born right away amongst the snow-mountains. I don't suppose you have ever been there, so I will just tell you a little about my home before I proceed with my story. My birthplace was at the Hospice of St. Bernard. A Hospice, you know, is a pious institution for the shelter of poor travellers. The monks there are kind and generous to a degree, and for all their hospitality they make no charge. But if you are in a position to give them a trifle they point out to you their alms-box, and of course they hope you will pay for your board and lodging! It was amongst these men, then, that I was born, and they called me 'Leo,' because of my lion-like appearance. I became very fond of my home, and very useful to my masters, with whom I used to go over the snow mountains and through the snow-covered valley. I was trained to rescue travellers in the snow, and much I loved my work. But I must get on with my story.

It was during one dreadful winter that the telephone from the station below warned the monks at the Hospice to look out for an English traveller who had started up the mountain. At once Brother Dunstan and I set forth to meet the traveller, and we were soon joined by another brother and another dog. The blinding snow came in our faces and made progress very difficult. We were all eager to find the traveller, but we were fearful lest he had perished in the snow, for there were no traces of him anywhere.

'Good dog Leo, where is he?' said Brother Dunstan cheerfully, and I eagerly rushed on in front, hoping to be the discoverer. I sniffed as I panted and I ran, and—good luck! I found the poor traveller, as I thought dead, in the snow. With a short, sharp bark I soon summoned my companions.

'Good Leo!' they said. 'Good Leo!'

The monks stooped down to lift up the poor man. How he groaned as he was moved!

'He has been drinking,' said one monk; 'that has helped him to succumb.'

Brother Dunstan said never a word, but the two monks carried the traveller to the friendly Hospice, where all was done to revive him. I lay at the foot of the bed to await results. At last the man spoke.

'Conrad!' he said, as he looked at Brother Dunstan.

'William!' exclaimed the monk.

They were brothers! And the traveller, who felt that he was killing himself by his intemperate habits, wished once more to see his saintly brother at St. Bernard before he died. And so he started; but he was not sober, and the cold overcame him, and he would have perished but for me!

The traveller stayed with us some days. Before he left he was induced to sign the pledge; and he signed it on one condition, that I, Leo, should become his property. At first the monks hesitated, but in the end they consented. And now I live in London with a grateful master, who says the sight of me always reminds him of his sin, and of his pledge.—The 'Adviser.'

Camp Joyful.

(By Helen F. Boyden, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

That is what they called it. They were a company of five college boys, who had packed up their oil stove, kettles, pots and provisions for a week's stay in the lovely mountains of northern Virginia. The variety of the scenery impressed each wonderfully, and they breathed in noble and beautiful thoughts with the smell of the pine, or the more delicate fragrance of wild flowers.

Their domestic labors occupied little time or thought, and their menus were astonishingly simple. Jack Parsons, being well reputed among them as having ability with pan cakes, was unanimously voted to take charge of that department, which necessitated his crawling out early on chilly mornings and growing irritable over the total depravity of inanimate things, especially chip fires and hot griddles. Meanwhile, the others rose at leisure, washed each others' faces in the mountain brook, and straightway demanded something to eat. Fenton Ridgway, or 'Ridgley,' as he was familiarly called, with 'Baby' Fulton, their giant athlete, planned and prepared their noon-day meals, not always acceptably, owing to a lack of ingenuity in making a variety. 'Toney,' or Andrew Jamison, was expected to get the sup-

pers, while George Boswell, or 'Bozzy,' washed the dishes and 'redd up.'

Bozzy was just at this time engaged in that dignified occupation, and stood, with sleeves rolled up and apron tied around his neck, over a pan of suds. His glossy black hair, long and parted in the middle, interfered with his vision not a little, and he kept tossing his head to keep it from tickling his brow.

'Better try side combs, Bozzy,' suggested Jack, maliciously; 'and do up the back.'

Jack's hair was cut as short as possible, and smoothly parted at the side.

Bozzy took no notice of his remark, but wrung out his dish towel and hung it up. Then he went off a little ways to empty the water. When he came back to the boys, lounging around a newly kindled camp fire, he had put on his coat and brushed his hair; and except for a redness about the ends of his fingers no one would have guessed at his recent occupation.

Jack tossed him a cigar. 'No, thanks I don't smoke,' he said pleasantly. Jack grinned. Several times a day his cigar case was taken out and passed around, to be met with silent shakes of the head. But Bozzy always expressed himself verbally. Jack lingered over his cigar a moment, and then put it away.

'I declare, boys, you are making me ashamed,' he said, with an embarrassed laugh. 'I believe I'll swear off.'

'You'll have to, when you go back to college, you know,' ventured Baby. Jack smiled faintly as he recalled the stolen smokes he had had in his room, in defiance of the rule. He was rather new to the college from which they all came, and it seemed like a little deception to him to go on with this habit of smoking; but he felt within himself that he should never do it again.

These chums of his did not set themselves up for saints, but he felt that their influence was changing him in many ways. They were jolly, wholesome, happy boys, fond of all sorts of honest sports, but Jack acknowledged to himself that there was a difference between them and the boys he met at another college.

'I say, chums, this is glorious!' exclaimed Ridgley, throwing back his head to draw in a full breath of the fresh, pure air.

It was the twilight hour, with shadows flitting among the bushes and trees. They sat in a little clearing, and the ground beneath was carpeted with ground pine.

'Nothing lacking, is there?' said Jack.

'"Only the grace of a day that is dead,
And the touch of a vanished hand,"'

quoted Toney, sentimentally.

The boys shouted. 'Toney's one weakness was appreciated by them, and there had been a good deal of playful watching of his symptoms, to see if he was in a decline from the absence of feminine society.

'You lack the one thing needful,' began Jack, then stopped. He remembered that these boys never quoted Scripture in that way.

'If there hadn't been so much fuss and dress about it we might have secured Aunt Kate as chaperon and had the girls,' said Baby, who never liked to keep dressed up, and now, instead of a coat, had on an old sweater, while his feet were encased in very dilapidated slippers.

'Lill Ackinson and her tribe wouldn't make you dress up if you smiled hard enough on them,' replied Jack.

'How do you happen to know "Lill and her tribe"?' asked Baby, whose acquaintance with the other sex was limited and very exclusive. These were town, not college girls, and had the reputation of being rather easy of acquaintance.

'Oh,' said Jack, coolly, 'you can't help it. You know those girls because—because you can.'

'I'm sure they only mean to be friendly, and not familiar,' broke in Bozzy, hastily; he never allowed any thoughtless mention of girls.

'Well, perhaps so,' admitted Jack. 'Tell us a story, Baby; Toney is growing melancholy; will be past remedy after the moon is up.'

'I know something better than that,' replied Baby, who had been listening to the good-night twitter of the birds. 'Let Ridgeley get his mandolin and Toney his guitar, and give a musicale to the night winds.'

'Good,' cried the boys, and 'I'll get them!' cried Bozzy.

The boys were encamped near the top of one of Virginia's mountains. Far down in the darkness twinkled the lights of town, village or isolated home. Just below them, at the foot of the ascent, but hidden by the foliage between, shone a dim light in a tiny cottage of two rooms.

In one room stood a bed on which lay, day and night, the shriveled form of an aged woman, whose eyes had a way of looking expectantly toward the door leading into the outer room. They looked there to-night, while her dull ears listened for the sound of a footstep. Outside, in the bushes, crouched a middle-aged woman, with strings of gray hair blown over a deeply lined face.

She was on her knees, trying to pray; so unusual a thing that the petitions stuck in her throat and would not form themselves into words. Nancy Wilford was in grievous trouble. Years ago she had come to this wild spot with her aged mother. With her own hands she had chopped and dug and cut away, planting enough to keep them alive and pay a little towards the place. But this had been a hard year, and everything had seemed against her. She was discouraged and sad; the dread of winter and unknown evils and privations oppressed her. In her not-to-be-denied need of comfort and help she had at last gone to the Great Comforter and Helper, as the world is apt to do in its extremity. But as she tried to pray a vague longing came upon her to have it mean more. She became desperately in earnest. The 'Choose ye this day whom ye will serve' had come to her, and her soul trembled within her.

From the heights came a vibrant twinkle of music, mingling with the music of the night winds. Suddenly, clear and sweet through the mountain air, came a mingling of voices in song:—

'Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchased of God,
Born of his Spirit, washed in his blood,'
etc.

It was like an answer of mercy straight from the throne of God. Nancy accepted it with streaming eyes, and returned thanks. When she was quieted she went in to her mother. Together they listened to the concert going on round the camp fire above them:—

'Fear not, I am with thee
Oh, be not dismayed,'

and other hymns floated their sacred meaning in their ears; they went to sleep with the echoes in their hearts.

Up at Camp Joyful the boys were just putting out the fire. 'Do you know,' said Bozzy, reflectively, 'I feel somehow as if I had been at a prayer meeting, and that I ought to thank God for something.'

No one answered, for the boys are shy of religious conversation; but Jack Parsons, the only non-professor among them, went by himself among the bushes, hesitated, then dropped on his knees.

A Fair Exchange.

(By Alice Miller Weeks, in the 'Weekly Welcome.')

'Flowers growing wild!' cried little Florence, pulling reckless armfuls of black-eyed Susans, scarlet sage and wild roses, and never whimpering, even when the keen thorns of the roses pricked her dimpled hands.

'Yes, growing wild; and ever and ever so many more than we have in the garden at home,' echoed Marian, filling her lap with daisies and beginning to weave a fluffy white wreath.

'I love a farm, don't you?' Donald said, running to help Florence with the wild roses. David was over at the fence, stroking the velvety nose of old Dobbin, who had come as close as he could, to be petted. A white, woolly lamb, strayed from its mother, came bleating toward the children. Marian jumped up, brushed the daisies from her lap, and coaxed the little creature to come nearer. She gathered it in her arms and carried it safely to the mother sheep, who was looking anxiously about for her baby.

The June days were slipping swiftly by, and every day brought fresh delights to the four Barnard children, who for the first time were spending their long vacation on a farm in the 'real country.' It was Farmer Cartwright's farm, and they and their mother had come as summer boarders. The Cartwrights had felt uncertain about taking so many children into their home, but they soon found they had made no mistake. The Barnard children were thoughtful of the rights of others; and, while they enjoyed everything to the full, they were careful to leave no bars down, to let the garden remain untouched, and not to frighten the animals and chickens. Even the baby turkeys were their pets and trotted after them through the long grass. The horses and cows came to know them, and the comical little baby pigs let themselves be petted for minutes at a time.

The children were so full of enthusiasm over the life of the farm that they answered carelessly Joseph's many questions about their life in the city. Joseph wa sthe Cartwrights' hired man, and he was really only a big boy, and full of curiosity about city life and ways.

'Don't you think you might take a little more pains to make things interesting for Joseph?' their mother asked them one day.

'Why, how, mother?' David asked in surprise. 'I thought we talked to him a good deal.'

'Yes, so you do,' Mrs. Barnard answered quietly; 'but always about the farm or the animals. The city is just as wonderful to him as the farm life is to you, and he is just as eager to know about it. Now, when he takes so much interest in you, showing you where to look for the hens' nests, and where the lilies grow, and where the kingfisher babies have their home, suppose you turn the tables by trying to think of the most interesting things in your own life to tell him.'

'What is there to tell?' Florence asked wonderingly. Her mother smiled.

'Probably Joseph would have asked the same question about farm life before you came,' she said. 'One gets so used to his own way of living that is is very commonplace to him; yet to another, whose life is quite different, it is full of interest and charm.'

The children went to bed thoughtfully that night, and for a long time after the lights were out and the stars twinkling with friendly faces through the leaves of the drooping elms, they told over to themselves interesting things to relate next day to Joseph. It was surprising how much there was, when they came to think about it. They began to appreciate their advantages as they had never done before.

When the sunrise bird-concert woke them next morning, the children scrambled into their clothes, and ran out to the big barn where Joseph was busy with the morning chores. They helped him shake down the hay, and carry pails of water! they watched him milk the cows, and each told him something of interest about their home city. Joseph listened eagerly, and the morning hour passed very quickly.

'You'd never think, mother, how pleased he was,' David declared, over his oatmeal. 'Think of it, he never heard of heating a house with hot water!'

'And he thought our manual training school was just wonderful,' cried little Donald, setting down his glass of warm milk.

'And our parks and the tennis and golf,' put in Marian.

'And the elevated cars, mother, and the cables—he's never seen one,' Florence declared solemnly.

'You see, it's possible to share your own pleasure with other's,' Mrs. Barnard said quietly. 'It is selfish to take from others without giving in return; I am glad you have found a way to give.'

LITTLE FOLKS

A Little Dear.

For me to have another doll
I somehow felt the time had come
For Adeline had lost her hair,
And Jane, the one that cried, was dumb.
Of hearing me explain the case
Papa grew weary, it was clear;
'You're tired?' I asked, and he replied,
'A little, dear!'

That very day, when he got home,
He had parcel in his hand,
And mother smiled, and I did, too,
For I began to understand.
'With her extravagance,' he said,
'This child will ruin us, I fear;
Some toys are cheap, but this one came
A little dear!'

I clapped my hands, and hugged
And then, when he'd the string untied,
I took the paper off and found
A dainty cardboard box inside;
And when I pulled the lid off that,
I saw a lovely face appear—
And there I saw my doll, and she's
A little dear!

—Felix Young, in 'Little Folks.'

Kitten's Complaint.

'How do you think you would like it,'
Said the little black cat to me,
'If you in your bed were lying
As cozily as can be,

'With your nose on your forepaws resting,
And dreaming of mice and things,
Of whole pans of cream you were lapping,
Of birds with the weakest of wings—

'How would you like it, I wonder,
With never a hint before,
To find your bed rising and walking
To find yourself out on the floor!

'If you were a sensitive kitten,
You'd think it a great mishap;
You'd wonder if it quite paid you
To sleep in Miss Jennie Brown's lap.'

—Cincinnati Commercial 'Tribune.'

The Nest in the Tree.

The sun was just peeping over the hills. The leaves on the trees stirred gently, and a sleepy voice among the branches said: 'Mother, I am so hungry. When may we have something to eat?'

'Yes, mother, dear,' came a chorus of voices, 'we are so hungry. May we have some breakfast?'

'Yes, my dears,' replied the little brown mother bird, 'you shall have something just as soon as I can go out and get it.'

Poor little mother! She had five hungry mouths to fill. But they were a happy family. Soon each of them would be able to fly and get his own breakfast.

'Oh, mother,' cried one of the little ones, 'you said you were going to teach Bright Eyes to fly to-day.'

'Yes,' said the mother, 'I am. When I return, and we have eaten, I will teach your sister Bright Eyes to fly.'

'Oh!' cried Bright Eyes. 'How happy I shall be, for then I may help our dear mother to feed the rest of you until you are also strong enough to fly.'

'Good-by, mother, dear!' cried the birdies, as she kissed each of them before leaving.

'I'll return soon, children,' and away she flew as happy as could be.

A little boy stood by the roadside. He held a little air gun in his hand.

'Oh, I see something at which I can shoot!' he cried, and pulled the trigger.

There was a soft flutter and down fell the poor little mother bird with a shot through her brave little heart.

'Oh, oh, oh!' cried the birdies. 'Why doesn't mother come? We are so hungry!'

They waited until the sun was very high. 'Oh!' they cried.

'What is keeping our dear mother so long?'

The sun went down in the west and still she had not returned. Poor, little birdies! How they cried! At last Bright Eyes, who was the strongest, said she would try to fly and find the mother. But poor, little Bright Eyes fell over the edge of the nest and lay very still upon the ground. She never opened her bright little eyes again. Then, one by one, the others grew too weak to cry any more and each tucked his little head underneath a wing and lay quiet in the nest. They never woke again.

The little boy who made all this sorrow was not really cruel; he was very thoughtless, dear children, just tell him about the poor little mother bird and her babies and beg him to be kind.—'Child's Hour.'

The Hawk and the Mother Teal.

Ernest Seton-Thompson tells the story of a fight between a green-winged teal and a hawk. After her brood was hatched, she started to take them across a pond.

'This was a mistake,' Mr. Seton-Thompson writes, 'for it exposed them to enemies. A great marsh hawk saw them, and he came swooping along, sure of getting one in each claw.

"'Run for the rushes!' called out the mother Greenwing, and run they all did, pattering over the surface as fast as their tired little legs could go.

"'Run! run!' cried the mother, but the hawk was close at hand now. In spite of all their running, he would be on them in another second.

'They were too young to dive; there seemed no escape, when just as he pounced, the bright little mother gave a great splash with all her strength and, using both feet and wings, dashed the water all over the hawk. He was astonished. He sprang back into the air to shake himself dry.

'The mother urged the little ones to 'Keep on!' and keep on they did. But down came the hawk again; again to be repelled by a shower of spray. Three times did he pounce and three times did she drench him.

'Now all the downlings were safe in the friendly rushes; the angry hawk made a lunge at the mother, but she could dive and, giving a good-by splash, she easily disappeared.'

Robert's Snowball.

(By Annie Louise Berray, in 'Sunday-School Times.')

Robert was eight years old and had never seen a snowball. He had seen snow, but it was miles and miles away, on the top of Mt. Lowe, and Robert lived at the foot of the mountain. Roses blossomed out of doors all winter in Robert's yard, for this was in Southern California.

Papa had promised him that as soon as he was big enough he would take him up the mountain to see the snow. There was a railway going up part of the way and then a long walk took them to the top.

Robert used to sit under the orange tree by the porch and look at the snow. He wondered what it tasted like. It looked so much like sugar that he thought it must be sweet.

One morning after it had rained hard for three days Robert came out of doors to find the sun shining and Mt. Lowe white at the top.

'How would you like to climb Mt. Lowe to-day, Robert?' asked his father.

Robert was too happy to say anything, so he turned three handsprings and ran into the house for his mittens. His grandmother, who lived in the East, did not know how warm California is, so she had sent Robert a pair of red mit-

tens the year before. Mamma had put them away, saying:

'You can wear them when you climb Mt. Lowe.'

Think how you would feel if, on the Fourth of July, you were to put on your heavy winter clothes and wear mittens. That is how Robert felt when he started, but before he reached the top he was almost cold.

After the car had taken them more than half-way up they began to walk. In a little while they came to the snow. Robert shouted for joy and pulling off his mittens picked up a big handful. He dropped it very quickly.

'Oh,' he cried, 'it's cold,' and then how everyone laughed at him.

It was not long, though, before Robert was having one of the best times he has ever had in his life. He snowballed and made a snow-man and jumped in snow-drifts until he was so tired his father had to carry him part of the way going back to the car.

No one saw Robert put a snowball in his pocket just as they started. 'Jimmie and I can play with it to-morrow,' he said to himself.

When he was eating his supper his mother said:

'Robert what makes your coat so wet?'

He put his hand in his pocket. It was filled with water.

'Oh, dear,' he cried, 'I put a snowball in there and now it's gone.'

Chinese Rhymes.

The Chinese 'Mother Goose' rhymes are not so unlike the English ones as might be expected. Here is one that is as popular with Chinese children as Jack and Jill is with us:

He climbed up the candlestick,
The little mousey brown,
To steal and eat tallow,
And he couldn't get down.
He called for his grandma,
But his grandma was in town,
So he doubled up into a wheel,
And rolled himself down.

This one might correspond with our 'Lady Bug':

Fire-fly, fire-fly,
Come from the hill,
Your father and mother
Are waiting here still.
They've brought you some sugar,
Some candy and meat,
Come quick or I'll give it
To baby to eat.

Chinese babies have their toes told to the following:

This little cow eats grass,
This little cow eats hay,
This little cow drinks water,
This little cow runs away,
This little cow does nothing
Except lie down all day;
We'll whip her.

Adapted from 'The Chinese Boy and Girl.'

Love One Another.

It was Saturday night, and two children small
Sat on the stairs in the lighted hall,
Vexed and troubled and sore perplexed,
To learn for Sunday the usual text;
Only three words on a gilded card,
But both the children declared it hard.

"'Love,' that is easy—it means, why this"—
(A warm embrace and a loving kiss);

'But 'one another,' I don't see who
Is meant by 'another'—now, May, do you?'

Very slowly she raised her head,
Our thoughtful darling, and gently said,
As she fondly smiled on the little brother,
'Why, I'm only one, and you are another,
And this is the meaning—don't you see?—
That I must love you, and you must love me.'
Wise little preacher! could any sage
Interpret better the sacred page?

—'Good Cheer.'

The Little Ball.

Madge had gone with Dottie to kindergarten one bright spring morning, and now she was sitting on the floor, one of twenty happy little folks who formed a big circle.

Miss Betty in a red waist was at the piano, and there were so many white aprons and red dresses and blue blouses and pretty hair ribbons that old Mr. Sun, looking in at the window, must have thought at first that he had found a garden full of pretty flowers. But the children's faces were brighter than anything else, and showed a great deal of excitement. Little heads bobbed forward and twisted and turned so that bright eyes could follow a tiny ball that was being passed from one to another of the children while they sang:

"Little ball, pass along
Slyly on your way;
While we sing a merry song.
You must never stay;
Till at last the song is done,
Then we'll try to find
In what pair of little hands
You've been left behind."

Miss Betty smiled as she saw how eagerly Dottie reached for it when it came to her. But the little girl was very slow to pass it on, and Miss Betty sighed as she thought, 'I hope Dottie isn't growing selfish.'

One little girl standing in the ring had her eyes tightly closed all this time, but when the music stopped they popped open as quick as could be, and she began to look all around the circle to see which little hands were holding the ball.

All little folks who have been to kindergarten know how she found it.

Miss Betty had seen Dottie reach for it just as the children had finished the song, then quick as a flash she hid it away under Madge's dimpled fingers.

'The dear child!' thought Miss Betty; 'she wanted it for Madge, not for herself.'

When the little girl who was hunting for the ball had looked almost all the way around the ring, Miss Betty played very softly; but when she came in front of little Madge the music suddenly grew very loud indeed, and she and Madge both laughed with glee and all the children clapped their hands, and the ball was found in wee Madge's lap and Dottie was the happiest of all.

'Isn't it nice to have company come?' she said when it was time to go home.

'Yes, dear,' answered Miss Betty; 'but the reason we enjoyed it so much was because we helped the company to have a good time.'—Eleanor Amerman Sutphen, in 'Evangelical Messenger.'

Whistle or Whine.

Two little boys were on their way to school. The smaller one tumbled and began to whine.

The older boy took his hand in a fatherly way and said: 'Oh, never mind, Jimmy, don't whine; it is a great deal better to whistle.' And he began a cheerful whistle.

Jimmie tried to join. 'I can't whistle as nice as you, Charlie,' said he; 'my lips'll not pucker up good.'

'That's because you haven't got all the whine out yet,' said Charlie; 'but you try a minute, and the whistle will drive the whine away.'

So he did, and the last I saw or heard of the little fellows they were whistling away as earnestly as though that were the chief end of life.—The 'Junior Christian World.'

The Eastroyds and the Murwoods

BY SARAH SELINA HAMER, IN THE 'ALLIANCE NEWS.'

Chapter I.—Festivities at Eastroyden.

It was a cold and rather boisterous day at the end of April, more like a March day that had gone astray, and the wind swept in sudden gusts down the hills, and along the valleys and into the streets of Clapperton. It seemed sometimes as if it were blowing from all directions, but it was really chiefly from the North-east. It stretched out finely, a grand, red-bordered, and red-lettered, white flag, which was floating from the top of a building there; once a warehouse, but now known as the headquarters of the 'Clapperton and District Abstainers' Association.' The structure had had its windows and doors painted, blinds and curtains had transformed its frontage, and there was something habitable, and cheerful, and inviting in its whole outward appearance. Nor was this impression lessened on entrance; on the contrary, it was deepened. No man, since the establishment of this club in Clapperton, could have the least excuse for going to the public-house. For here, if he wanted company, there was the 'conversation room,' where he could enjoy a pipe and a cup of coffee or tea, while he chatted with his fellow men on passing events, trade, or politics; these last were not excluded as topics for talk, it being rightly considered that men might safely air their opinions, while their wits were clear from alcoholic fumes. If he sought quiet he could find it in the reading room, which was well supplied with books and newspapers. If he felt inclined for a game there was the recreation room, where he could enjoy billiards, or chess, or draughts, and go home not a penny the poorer, the rule 'No gambling' being strictly enforced. For the lovers of music there was in the winter a weekly concert, got up by the members, and held in the uppermost room, so as not to disturb those who had no taste that way. Thus the men who could sing a song, or play the violin, or blow a trombone, or a flute, were brought together, and many a man forsook the 'White Hart,' and the 'Black Bull,' and the 'Goat and Compasses,' in consequence.

But we must go back to the flag, which we noticed flying on the top of the club. It bore the one word 'Welcome,' in huge red letters, which on the white ground showed plainly at quite a long distance. It was a greeting to one of the founders of the club and his bride, expected home that day from their honeymoon, which had been spent on the Continent.

Behind the pair come Mrs. Hasleham, the doctor's wife, and the bride's chief friend, on the arm of the bride's father, old Joshua Northrop, both of whom had come to meet them.

'It's good for sore eyes to see thee again,' said the latter, as his daughter turned to him with beaming eyes, ere entering the carriage which was waiting to take her to her new home.

'It is good to see you too, father,' said Kate, clasping his hand tightly in hers; 'and you must let it happen very often. We have bought a special armchair for you on our way through London, haven't we, Ernest, to be put in the chimney nook of our snuggery, and you are to bring your paper and read it there whenever you feel the least bit lonesome.'

'There will always be a hearty welcome for you,' seconded Ernest. 'Rest assured of that. And I shall often bring Kate to see you—father.'

Joshua Northrop swallowed a lump in his throat. Nobody knew but himself what it was to lose Kate, bright, winsome, loving Kate, from his daily life. But it had been his own doing: in a sense. Had he really wished it—or, rather had he expressed such a wish—the newly-married pair would have shared his home at Wood Nook. But when they sounded him upon the subject he stifled his own desires, saying that it was better for a young couple to have a separate home, and so forth. A month's experience of his own loneliness had made him half regret his decision, though he still felt it was best.

'And you, Lucy, busy as you must be kept now,' cried Kate, 'are not to neglect your old friend. I hope baby is all right, the darling. I am coming to see her this very week. Isn't she two months old to-day?'

'Yes,' said Lucy, adding with true maternal pride,—without, of course, the slightest prejudice—'and prettier than ever.'

'We shall see you to-morrow, at our grand festival up at Eastroyden, of course?' said Kate.

'Tell the doctor he must contrive if possible to give us the whole evening,' said Ernest.

'Oh, there is something I was to ask you, Ernest, and I had almost forgotten it,' said Joshua Northrop. 'Will the probationers at the club be allowed to come, or only full members? There are about a dozen on the books, and last night one of them was asking. I said I thought not. But I spoke to the doctor about it, and he referred me to you.'

'And I will refer it to my wife, as a married man should, I suppose,' said Ernest, with a happy laugh. 'What do you say, Kate?'

'Oh, let them come, by all means,' was Kate's answer. 'It will enable us to show them how much enjoyment can be had without the aid of intoxicating drink. You must bring our women probationers too, Lucy,' she added, as the carriage rolled away.

These 'probationers' were the men and women who had entered their names for a month's trial of the 'Abstainers' Club,' and the institution known as the 'Women and Girls' Abstainers' Union,' respectively. The plan had been found to answer admirably and quite nine out of every twelve who thus entered signed the pledge of total abstinence at the end of the month, and became full members, those who would not do so being expected then to withdraw from the privileges of the institution. And once properly enrolled there were very few relapses, though unfortunately such did occur now and then.

The festivities referred to were to celebrate the marriage of Ernest and Kate, a treat to be given by the firm of Eastroyden, still known as 'Eastroyd and Sons,' to their workpeople in the mills, and to which also the members of the two institutions in whose well-being the bride and bridegroom were so much interested had been invited. This function had been deferred until the return of the happy pair from their honeymoon.

The morrow proved just such another day, the wind still high. But it was no higher than the people's spirits, as they trudged towards Eastroyden. True, there were some of the men who grumbled and growled.

'It'll be a poor sort of a stir without a drop o' beer,' they said.

'Aye,' said one, in sympathy with such a speech. 'We had grand doin's when Mesther Edward were wed—somethin' like a spree that; as much ale as we could drink, an' th' young Mesther hiein' us on. This seems to me mean like.'

'I wonder at yo',' remonstrated another, who had for a long time now been a member of the club; 'I fair wonder at yo', talkin' i' that road. What good did it do us gettin' drunk? Yo' both were that night, and so was I—to my shame I say it. And I was drinkin' for a week after, and didn't earn a penny. It was a dear weddin' for me, was Mesther Edward's. An' if it hadn't been for Mesther Ernest I should ha'e lost my shop. T' manager were for turnin' me off when I come back, but he said I must have another trial. An' at afther he saw me privately, and showed me what a mistake I was makin', what a wreck I was makin' o' my life, me a young man, with a wife an' a child. An' he invited me to try t' new club, an' I did, an' it's been t' makin' o' me. An' if yo' two jine us yo'll never repent, as long as iver yo' live.'

The large warehouse at the mills had been cleared, and tables and benches set its whole length. The former, covered with snowy damask and ornamented with hothouse plants, groaned with good things to eat, substantial things, such as huge dishes of ham and tongue, ready cut in slices; turkeys and other fowls, in like readiness for dispatch, and delicacies in the shape of cakes and sweets of all kinds, while tea and coffee were to be had ad libitum.

After the 'high tea,' to which ample justice was done, there was an excellent programme of vocal and instrumental music, recitations, etc. There were also two or three short speeches made by the manager and overlookers of the mills, conveying the hearty good wishes of the workpeople to the bride and bridegroom, and their grateful thanks for the pleasure given to them that might.

When Ernest Eastroyd responded he told the assembly—after expressing his gratification at receiving them as the guests of the firm—that of course it was not a time for 'giving a lecture;' but still he could not help, with so large a number of men and women before him, taking the opportunity of saying a word or two on the subject of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors. He was impelled to do so by the keen interest which he took in their welfare.

'I am myself, as you know, my dear friends, many of you,' he said, 'a comparative novice in this matter, and so, though I could say much of the advantage I have found in greater physical health and power of clearer thought since I began the practice of such abstinence, I will waive all that, and just tell you briefly the opinions of a few most able men on the subject. The late Sir William Gull, one of our Queen's physicians, said: "It is one of the commonest things in English society that people are injured by drink, without being drunkards. It goes on so quietly that it is even very difficult to observe. I would like to say that a very large number of people in society are dying, day by day, poisoned by alcohol, but not supposed to be poisoned by it." Another of the Queen's physicians, Sir Andrew Clarke, also senior physician at the London Hospital, said once: "As I looked at the hospital wards to-day, and saw that seven out of ten owed their diseases to alcohol, I could but lament that the teaching about this question was not more direct, more decisive, more home-thrusting than ever it had been.' More, much more, he said to the same point, expressing a longing he sometimes had to give up his profession, and go forth on a holy crusade, preaching to all men, "Beware of this enemy of the race." Sir Henry Thompson, another great doctor, says: "There is no greater cause of evil, moral or physical, than the use of alcoholic beverages." And I am sure my friend, Dr. Hasleham, who has, I am glad to see, entered the room whilst I have been speaking, will endorse all that I am saying.'

'Hear, hear,' cried Arthur Hasleham, as he now made his way to the platform, amid loud clapping of hands on the part of the audience. Notwithstanding his enforcement of total abstinence on the part of his patients, the young doctor was fast becoming a favorite in Clapperton.

'Now then,' continued Ernest Eastroyd, 'having quoted a very few words of very many by eminent men spoken against the use of alcohol, let me, ere I sit down, quote a few instances and opinions on the advantages of total abstinence. Some of you—the younger men especially—are athletes. Captain Webb, who [illegible] the Channel from England to France, did it without the aid of alcohol in any form, ale, wine, or spirit. The champion sculler of the world, [illegible] says, "In my opinion, the best physical

performances can only be secured through the absolute abstinence from the use of alcohol and tobacco." So you see that you athletes, at any rate, are better even without tobacco. But its evils, as all will admit, are so comparatively innocuous that we will even leave you men generally to smoke your pipes in peace.'

At this, of course, there was a general laugh.

'You have all, my friends,' resumed Ernest, 'heard of Dr. Livingstone, the famous traveller, and if you want to know more about him you will find his "life" in the club library, you who are members, and I hope all will become so.' (Loud cheers from the members here interrupted the speech.) 'I will conclude by telling you what he had to say upon this subject, and remember as you hear it all the toil, the heat, the deprivation, the solitude, he had to endure in the trackless wastes of Africa: 'I have acted," he says, "on the principle of total abstinence from all alcoholic liquors, for more than 20 years. My opinion is that the most severe labors or privations may be undergone without alcoholic stimulants." None of us, my dear friends, either men or women, have to undergo what he had. We may therefore conclude that we can perform our allotted task in life, too, without the fictitious aid of alcohol in any form. I have purposely not thanked you for your congratulations on behalf of my wife,' concluded Ernest, 'because I know you would like her to speak for herself, and I now give place to her.'

Amidst tremendous cheering Ernest then gave Kate his hand, led her to the front of the platform, and as soon as he thought she could be heard left her there, resuming his seat.

'My dear friends,' said Kate, her sweet face suffused with blushes, 'this is the first time I have ever spoken in public, except to our little assembly of women and girls at the home of our Abstinence Union, and you must excuse me if I bungle, or do not make myself clearly heard.'

'We can hear yo' splendid, God bless yo',' came in an old man's voice, from the back of the room; and there was more cheering before Kate could go on.

'I do thank you,' she said, 'for all your good wishes for my husband and myself. It makes me very happy to see the kind relations betwixt him and yourselves; and I know well how intensely he has your interests at heart. I wish you would think seriously of what he has said to you. I should rejoice with him if you men, one and all, would accept his invitation to become members of the Total Abstinence Association, and I am sure that he would equally rejoice with me if all you women and girls who have not done so would join our Abstinence Union. We have many advantages to offer you at our little Institute in Tower Mill now; some time we hope to move to larger premises, and you will save your money and become better daughters, wives, and mothers by laying aside for ever the ensnaring cup. Dear friends,' concluded Kate, 'I have lately been staying a few days in London, and I saw again and again sights there which made my heart ache, and I have even seen such in Clapperton—drunken fathers and mothers, and wretched, half-naked, neglected children. I was reminded when I saw the latter, of some verses I once committed to memory, descriptive of such, and with these I will conclude my address to you. They are in the Scotch tongue, but it is not so unlike our own dialect, but that you will understand it, I think.

'The Drunkard's Raggit Wean.'

'Ae wee bit raggit laddie gangs wan'rin' through the street,
Wadin' 'mang the snaw wi' his wee hackit feet
Shiv'rin' i' the cauld blast, greetin' wi' the pain,
Wha's the puir wee callan? He's a drunkard's raggit wean.

He stan's at ilka door, an' he keeks wi' wistful e'e,
Before the crowd aroun' the fire, a' lauchin' lood wi'
But he daurna venture ben, though his heart be e'er sae fain,
For he mauna play wi' ither bairns, the drunkard's raggit wean.

'Oh, see the wee bit bairnie, his heart is unco fou,
The sleet is blawin' cauld, an' he's drookit through an' through;
He's speerin' for his mither, an' he wun'ers wheaur she's gane,
But oh! his mither she forgets her puir wee raggit wean.

'He kens nae faither's love, an' he kens nae mither's care,
To soothe his wee bit sorrows, an' kame his tautit hair;
To kiss him when he waukens, or smooth his bed at e'en,
An' oh! he fears his faither's face, the drunkard's raggit wean.

'Oh, pity the wee laddie, sae guileless an' sae young,
The oath that lea's his faither's lips'll settle on his tongue;
An' sinfu' words his mither speaks, his infant lips'll stain,
For oh! there's nane to guide the bairn, the drunkard's raggit wean.

'Then surely we micht try an' turn that sinfu' mither's heart,
An' try to get his faither to act a faither's pairt;
An' mak' them lea the drunkard's cup, an' never taste again,
An' cherish wi' a parent's care their puir wee raggit wean.'

There were many moist eyes in the room before Kate had finished, and much blowing of noses when her voice ceased, as well as a loud clapping of hands, for she had given the sad, metrical little story in such sweet, sympathetic tones that harder hearts than any there present might well have been moved by it. And there were more than a dozen of the number that immediately after that evening joined the two abstinence societies, who said that 'the drunkard's raggit wean' had converted them.

Chapter II.—The Fly in the Ointment.

'I had no idea you were going to turn this into a Temperance meeting,' said Mrs. Edward Eastroyd to her sister-in-law, scornfully, as the latter sat down by her, after reciting. 'I should certainly not have come if I had known.'

'Oh, Annie, how can you say so!' said Kate, feeling much hurt. 'Don't you see what a good opportunity it was of speaking on the subject? Neither Ernest's conscience nor mine would allow us to let it pass unused.'

'Some people have such queer consciences,' said Annie, sarcastically, and re-arranging the folds of her ruby velvet dress. 'I should have thought they would have told you that the least said the better on such a subject, seeing what some of the Eastroyds are. It only sets people talking, you know.'

'I hope it will do more than that,' said Kate, gravely. 'I trust it will make them think and act.'

'Well, I am glad Edward had gone out of the room, at any rate, before this began,' said Annie, coldly. 'He would have been annoyed, I know; and so would Tom. But they disappeared some time ago, and Mark Murwood with them.

Kate turned away with a keen pang, and met the eyes of her husband, who sat on her other hand.

'I have been waiting to thank you, darling,' he whispered. 'You have moved many a heart to-night, and saved many a child yet unborn from becoming "A drunkard's raggit wean."'

And Kate was comforted, swallowed the big lump in her throat, and though her eyes were swimming with tears smiled up into Ernest's face.

'It makes me glad to hear you say so,' she whispered back. 'Do you know what has detained Dr. Hasleham so long?' she asked, a minute or two afterwards.

Arthur was at that moment on his feet addressing the audience.

'Yes,' said her husband, a grave expression stealing over his face. 'He was called to West Moor. Little Maurice has been taken suddenly ill.'

'Ah,' said Kate, with something like a sigh of relief, 'when you mentioned West Moor I was afraid it might be Ellen herself who was ailing. I felt sure something was the matter, as she had not come.'

'It is a pity neither of them could be here,' said Ernest; 'but I suppose Mat's business would not wait.'

'I will go along and see Ellen and the children in the morning,' said Kate.

'I rather fear she herself is not quite right, from something Arthur let drop,' said Ernest, with a pained face. 'He said she was not in a fit state to nurse Maurice, and if he were no better in the morning he should, on his own responsibility, her husband being away, engage someone.'

'I wonder where Edward and Tom are,' said Ernest, a minute or two afterwards, looking round and missing his brothers. He looked about him still further, and some lines of anxiety furrowed his face. He missed from the audience quite half a dozen of the most important employees at the Eastroyden Mills. An hour ago they had been present—one man, Robson, an overlooker, had been one of the spokesmen—where were they now? The more Ernest thought of the matter the more anxious he became, for the missing men, one and all had a weakness for drink. There was one of them, however, the man Robson, of whom he had good hope. He had not yet signed the pledge, but he had become a probationer at the club. Surely, surely, Edward and Tom had not decoyed the men away to get intoxicants? But when another half hour passed, and neither his brothers, Mark Murwood, whom he also missed, nor the men re-appeared, Ernest Eastroyd could stand it no longer, and during the performance of a piece of music by the small string band there, and whispering to his wife that he should not be long away, he quietly left the platform and the room, also the mill itself. He had noticed, as had others during the evening, the howling of the wind round the mill, but he had had no idea how much the force of it had increased since the afternoon until he stood outside. It was now blowing quite a gale.

'What a pity for the women and children,' was his thought. 'How they will be blown about on their way home!'

With some difficulty he turned an angle of the mill, which brought him within sight of the office windows. But all was in darkness; evidently the delinquents were not there. The lights of Eastroyden House gleamed brightly away upon the hillside. It was only some three or four minutes' climb to it, in a diagonal direction, from the precincts of the mill. His brother Tom still lived there with their aunt, 'Old Miss Eastroyd.' Turning up his collar, and buttoning his coat closely to him, Ernest set to breast the hill, the wind blowing with fearful force against him. There was a drive between the mill and the house, but this perforce had to be winding, and a footpath, which twice cut across it, gave speedier access to anyone on foot. This Ernest took, and ere half the distance was accomplished sounds of revelry greeted his ears. He was on the right track now.

The front door, as is often the case in the country, could be opened from without when not locked, and Earnest let himself in without ringing for a servant, as had always been his wont, and went at once to the billiard room. The door stood slightly ajar; he pushed it, a strong smell of spirits meeting his nostrils as he entered. And there, as he expected, he found his brothers and Mark Murwood, and the missing men, in the midst of a drunken debauch. The latter were in all positions, sitting, standing—unsteadily enough, two or three of them—and pushing the billiard balls about in an aimless kind of way. Some were smoking, some were shouting, one or two were singing snatches of songs. They had been at it now nearly two hours, and the men were unused to drinking spirits.

(To be continued.)

The man who has begun to live more seriously within begins to live more simply without.—Phillips Brooks.

..HOUSEHOLD..

Little Children.

Of such the kingdom—teach thou us,
O, Master, most divine,
To feel the deep significance
Of these wise words of thine.

The haughty eye shall seek in vain
What innocence beholds;
No cunning finds the key of heaven,
No strength its gate unfolds.

Alone to guilelessness and love
That gate shall open fall;
The mind of pride is nothingness,
The childlike heart is all!

—J. G. Whittier.

My Flower Garden.

It was a bright Saturday morning in May when everything in the outside world looked glad, when the fresh green colored the trees, the buds were filling out, the hyacinths and crocuses and tulips were in bloom, and the lawns were getting really green. People looked glad, too, rejoicing that the long cold winter was past and gone, and sunshine and summer coming again.

The rake, the shovel and the hoe, the lawn mower and the trowel were being used about the homes in towns and cities, while the farmers were busy with their plows turning up acres of soil and sowing seed for the autumn harvests. Many a wise mother was out in her garden with her children working over her flower beds and inspiring a love for flowers and all growing things.

Pastor Brown had finished his sermons that Saturday morning and with complacent mien was walking down one of the village streets to the post-office when he spied two bright little girls about ten years old, neighbors and children of his parishioners, working away over some beds of flowers and chatting merrily to each other the while. Their backs were toward the street and they did not see the pastor as he approached. He stepped along quietly, leaned over the fence and listened to the conversation.

'Did you ask your mother for all these flowers, Alice,' said Amy Lee, 'or where did you get them?'

'Mother gave me these three flower beds for my own, and all these flowers, if I would promise to take care of them. Of course I did promise. I just love to work over the flowers. They seem like my little friends. Just see what a pile of little weeds I have taken out from this bed! I'm going to do this every Saturday morning. Mother sometimes helps me, but she has a good many vines and flowers of her own to take care of, and if I just learn how I can do this myself.'

'Can you do just what you please with these flowers,' asked Amy, 'and won't any one else in the family take them?'

'No, indeed they won't; not without asking me. They're mine, every one of them,' said Alice in a most decided tone.

'I'm going to ask my mother to give me some. Aren't those the dearest little daisies? That pink one is too sweet for anything. And the pansies look as if they had faces, don't they? Were you in school the day the teacher recited that little poem about the daisies and pansies when Florence brought her those plants? I wish I knew it. It was something about having saucy faces and looking so wise and the last line was:

"I do believe you can almost see."'

'I don't think I heard it,' said Alice. 'But they do look so, don't they?'

All this time the children were pulling up weeds or patting down the soil or just sitting on the grass gazing at the flowers, unmindful of everything else.

When the pastor said, 'Good morning, girlies, what a good time you're having with your flowers,' they were startled and jumped up instantly.

'Good morning, Mr. Brown,' they responded. 'Yes, we are having a good time. These are my own flower beds,' said Alice. 'Come in and see them!'

The pastor went in and complimented her on the care she had taken of them and told her how pretty they all were.

'It's great fun,' he said, 'to have a garden of one's own! When I was a boy I had quite a vegetable garden and my father let me have all the money I could get from the sale of the vegetables. My sisters had flower gardens and two of them had fruit trees all their own. One was a cherry tree and it had elegant cherries on it. Yum, yum, I can taste them now. They were fine, I tell you. So you take all the care of these flowers yourself, do you, Alice? That's nice work for Saturday mornings. I guess you like it just as well as sitting in the schoolroom with your books, eh, don't you?'

'Yes, and a good deal better,' said Alice, smiling. 'I'd like to work about the flowers every day. But I suppose I'd be a dunce then and not know anything.'

'Not quite so bad as that,' said the pastor, 'but it is a fine thing to have some out-of-doors work to do. I think I must do more in my garden and get Mrs. Brown out among the flowers. I shall stop again some morning and see how you're getting on, and I'll see yours, too, Amy, before long!'

'I guess I'll have mine by next Saturday, and Alice is going to help me with it.'

'Good-bye, children, I must run along. I'll see you to-morrow.'—'Standard.'

Potato Surprise for an Invalid

Take a smooth, medium-sized potato, wash and cut the small end partly off, leaving just enough attached to form a little hinge, scoop out part of the raw potato and fill with beef or mutton that has been prepared by removing all gristle and fat, chopped very fine and seasoned. When filled tie the potato cover on and bake until tender. When done take from the oven, raise the cover, and if the meat looks dry, turn over it a little dressing made with butter, water and flour, or if there is any on hand, a little meat gravy. Serve in the skin, and, as its name suggests, it will be a tempting surprise. Or, for a change, simply bake the potato, and when done cut off the little end and scoop out all inside; season this with butter, salt and chopped celery; beat up fine and light, then refill the skin and serve.

'MESSENGER' PATTERNS

FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.

NO. 1301.—SLIP OR UNDER WAIST.

Mme. Baker's Correct Patterns.

No small piece in a woman's wardrobe is of greater importance than the slip for use with a lingerie blouse. It is a cross between a corset cover and foundation or lining, and while fitting the figure smoothly, must be loose enough for comfort. Our design is made up in white India silk, with buttonholed scallops at the neck and ends of sleeves. The shoulder plaits throw slight fulness over the hollow part around the arms. Short bones are used in the plaits that take the place of darts below the bust. The sleeves are of elbow length and should never be longer, even though the outer sleeve covers the forearm. The pattern, 1301, is made in seven sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure, and 2 1-2 yards of 27-inch material will be required for a medium size.

NO. 1042—CHILD'S PAJAMAS.

Mme. Baker's Pattern Designs.

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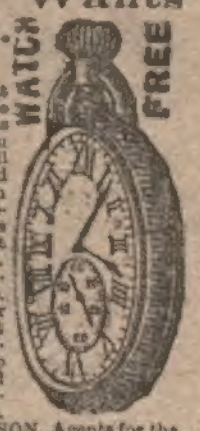

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